

New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume XI.

New Oxford, Pa, Friday, April 11, 1890.

Number 39.

When you go to

YORK
don't fail to visit
LINK & BOND'S
MUSIC STORE,
and if you need anything
like a
Piano,
Organ,
Violin,
Guitar,
Banjo,
Accordeon,
Sheet Music
—or—
Music Books,
you will find that they will give you
more for your money than you can get
anywhere else, and they will show a
better variety to select from.

Link & Bond,

A few doors East of Court House,
20 East Market street.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. G. R. MARKEL,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Graduate of the Hahnemann Medical College,
of Philadelphia. Will attend promptly to calls
night or day. Consultations in English and
German. Office on E. High St., NEW OXFORD.

DR. T. STRAHAN,
Physician and Surgeon, will attend to profes-
sional calls night or day. Office on Philadel-
phia street, near Centre Square, New Oxford.

DR. I. M. BUSH,
Veterinary Surgeon, graduate of the Chicago
Veterinary College, will visit New Oxford ev-
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animals of all kinds. Call promptly attended to.
Orders left with G. A. Klingel, next door
to ITEM office, will receive prompt attention.

J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Spangler
building on Baltimore street. Prompt at-
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collections. 22mar89

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(Successor to H. B. Woods, Esq.) ATTORNEY
AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC has removed his
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Office on Baltimore street, opposite the
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—GIVE US A CALL.—

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimo-
nials conclusively prove. "For two years
I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia
and liver complaint. I doctored a long
time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly
every case, only aggravated the disease.
An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured
at a cost of \$5. Since that time it has
been my family medicine, and sickness has
become a stranger to our household. I
believe it to be the best medicine on earth."
—P. F. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Summer St.,
Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is a certain cure, when the complaint origi-
nates in impoverished blood. "I was a
great sufferer from a low condition of the
blood and general debility, becoming finally,
so reduced that I was unfit for work. Noth-
ing that I did for the complaint helped me
so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles
of which restored me to health and strength.
I take every opportunity to recommend this
medicine in similar cases." —C. Evick, 14 E.
Main St., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS Ayer's Sarsaparilla

And all disorders originating in impurity of
the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples,
blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous
sores, and the like, take only
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

HOTELS, &C.

Eagle Hotel.

Gen. Sq., New Oxford, Geo. Sunday,
Proprietor. House thoroughly refitted and re-
furnished. The bar stocked with choice wines,
liquors and cigars, while the table will be sup-
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fords. Ample stabling. 24jan89.

European Hotel.

FOUNTAIN SQUARE, HANOVER, JOHN R. SIPES,
Proprietor, (Successor to David Newcomer.) Lar-
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and the bar stocked with choicest liquors, Ale,
Beer, and Cigars. Oysters and Game in season,
served up in any style. 22mar89.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

AT THE RAILROAD, LITTLESTOWN, PA. J. H.
WIESE, Agent.—Good accommodations at mod-
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Liquors and Cigars. A large and well fitted sam-
ple room. First-class Billiard and Pool Tables.
Extensive stabling and shedding attached.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,

YORK STREET, HANOVER, PA. J. W. HARPEL,
Proprietor.—This hotel has been thoroughly re-
paired, refitted and returned from garret to
cellar. The proprietor fully understands the
hotel business, and will guarantee satisfaction to
all his patrons. The table will be supplied with
the best the market affords, served in the best style
while the bar is stocked with choicest liquors and
wines. Large and commodious yards and stable,
connected with hotel.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

HANOVER, PA.
D. C. FLEMING, PROPRIETOR,
(formerly of the City Hotel, York.)
Free bus; steam heat; good stable accommo-
dations. mar. 28.

To the General Public!



J. W. Barnitz,

having purchased the Drug Store from E. G.
Cook, respectfully solicits a share of the pub-
lic patronage. An entire new stock of

Drugs, Chemicals, Hair Brushes,
Fancy Articles, Patent Med-
icines, Perfumery,
Dye
Stuffs, &c.,

such as are kept in a first-class drug store.
All articles will be sold at reasonable rates.

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GEORGE L. COLESTOCK, offers his service
to the public as Auctioneer. Charges mod-
erate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice
address, NEW CHESTER, Adams county, Pa.

We are prepared to do

All Kinds of Job Work!

Council Proceedings.

NEW OXFORD, April 1.—Council met
in regular session—all the members
present; Minutes of last meeting were
read and approved, except an omission
of the committees which were appoint-
ed at the last meeting, were ordered to
be inserted here, as follows: Commit-
tee on town property, H. Myers and J.
H. Brown; committee on streets, L. H.
Felix and F. Steffy; finance committee,
E. Roth and P. A. Gise; on ordinance,
E. Roth and J. H. Brown.

Report of street committee stated
that a few loads of stone delivered on
Berlin street and some work done by
commissioner and his men.

Committee on town property said
that there was nothing special, but there
was some old iron should be disposed
of, and the wagon was still without
shelter.

Councilman Brown stated that Mr.
Neely, Assignee of H. J. Myer's estate
refused to pay the tax to the collector,
when Mr. Brown moved that the Coun-
cil order Mr. Mowry call on the Coun-
cil's Attorney for advice and then pro-
ceed to collect the tax. It was then ar-
gued that the collector had settled with
the Borough and assumed the balance
of the tax due. Mr. Brown then called
for the vote on his resolution, which
was taken, and lost.

It was reported to the Council that
the overhead bridge on High Street was
almost daily showing signs that it was
weakening, the cracks in the masonry
widening. It was examined by a com-
mittee who pronounced it unsafe. On
motion, the Secretary was directed to
notify the superintendent of the fact,
and that the Council would not hold
themselves responsible for any accident
that might occur.

The matter of opening the streets was
brought before the Council, when on
motion, after being discussed, it be sub-
mitted to the Attorney to furnish a
statement to the Council the manner
of procedure, &c., and then the Coun-
cil to act upon at the next meeting.

A. Sheely, Treasurer elect, presented
his bond with D. J. A. Melhorn as se-
curity, which on motion, was accepted.

Proposals from the Pennsylvania
Globe Gas Light Co., of Philadelphia,
was received to furnish lights for the
streets of our Borough with patent
naphtha gaslights, equal to the best gas-
light furnished anywhere. The Coun-
cil not ready for a change, laid it un-
der the table.

Bills to the amount of \$11.71 were
presented and orders granted for the
same.

There being no further business,
Council adjourned to meet the first
Tuesday evening of May, at 7 1/2 o'clock.
Attest, Jos. S. GITT, Sec'y.

A Carbondale special says: Two
singular accidents befell Leroy and
Eddie Stonebrick, of Dybury, in Wayne
county, on two successive days. The
boys were playing around their father's
sap works when Eddie accidentally ran
against Roy knocking him into a hot
boiling pan of sap. Eddie at once
pulled the little fellow out and poured
cold sap over his body. He was badly
scalded and died next day.

On the day following Eddie and
Mabel his sister, were sent to the barn
to let the cows out of the stables. A
rope was put about the body of Eddie,
who played horse while Mabel was in-
side. As a young heifer was passing out
the wind blew the door partially shut.
The animal threw her head down and
toward Eddie to escape being hit by
the door, and in so doing ran one horn
under the rope around Eddie's body.
At once she became badly frightened
and darted madly around the yard
with Eddie dangling from her horns.
After being whirled three or four times
around the yard the little fellow's per-
ilous ride suddenly terminated by the
rope breaking. He escaped with bruises
and scratches about the head and
face.

Three vessels which arrived at the
port of New York recently reported that
they had been successful in overcoming
the effects of a hurricane by using oil.
Every week we hear of reports of this
kind. The New York News says it
looks as though it would be wise to
make every vessel carry a supply of
oil for this purpose.

A dispatch from Birmingham, Ala.,
of the 6th inst., says: City Marshall
England, of Ironday, was fatally wound-
ed, and three negroes killed late this
evening, about a mile from the town
of Irondale, six miles from this city.
The negroes were accused of stealing,
and the City Marshal, accompanied by
Deputy Sheriff Fortenberry, went to their
cabin to arrest them. The negroes saw
the officers coming and started to run
when England called upon them to
halt. One of the fugitives turned and
fired three times, two of the shots tak-
ing effect, and the Marshal fell to the
ground mortally wounded. Deputy
Sheriff Fortenberry immediately open-
ed fire on the negroes with deadly ef-
fect. By the time the chambers of his
revolvers were emptied three negroes
lay dead on the roadside. England
was carried at once to his home in
Irondale and medical assistance sum-
moned from this city, while the negroes
were left where they lay.

Further trouble is expected, as the
negroes have become very bold on ac-
count of the result of the recent elec-
tion, in which a Republican Mayor
was elected. The Democrats claimed
that some of the negroes voted illegal-
ly and a contest is now in the Supreme
Court. The Republicans being suc-
cessful in the lower court. The Mayor
elected, James E. Weidman, his father
J. C. Weidman the Postmaster, and J.
W. Carpenter, a lawyer, were all
served with warning White Cap letters.
The postoffice is boycotted and all let-
ters are mailed on the train. This has
created affairs which renders the worst
class of negroes bold, and the better
class of white people are getting des-
perate. The killing to-day has intensi-
fied the excitement on both sides.

The clock cost Fitzsimmons four
years of unremitting labor. Among its
many features was a complete mini-
ature railway train, with engine, tender,
four passenger coaches, engineer, fire-
man and conductor. As this train
reached the small station a crowd of
infinitesimal people emerged from a
cleverly constructed mansard depot
and congregated on the platform, while
a hump-backed bridge tender lowered
the gates precisely as in actual railroad-
ing.

Another feature was a complete re-
presentation of the solar system, with
sun, moon, planets and myriads of
stars twinkling in the cerulean back-
ground. The clock was constructed with
no tools excepting a pocket knife and
file blade. Fitzsimmons valued it at
\$15,000 and had recently refused \$7,-
000 for it. Just before the fire occur-
ed he took out a \$5,000 insurance
policy on it. It is feared he will lose
his mind under the disappointment, as
his clock occupied all his thoughts.

Thomas Fitzsimmons, of Pittston,
inventor of the wonderful clock which
has been on exhibition in all the prin-
cipal cities of the State, and which was
claimed by many to be superior, in
point of intricate mechanism, to the
famous Strasburg clock, is prostrated
over the intelligence that his instru-
ment was burned and entirely destroy-
ed in the Hoover block fire at Owego,
N. Y.

THE DOCTOR AND POSTMASTER were
talking about a case of serious illness,
due to a neglected cold and rapidly go-
ing into consumption, which was
promptly cured by Puritan cough and
consumption cure. Price 25 cents.

Experience has shown sufferers with
dyspepsia, biliousness and liver com-
plaint, in fact all diseases arising from
a disordered system, that nothing equals
Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator for these
troubles. Try it. Trial bottles free at
Barnitz's drug store.

The United States Salt Company,
capital \$1,000,000, has been organized
at Cleveland, Ohio. The company
will have work shops at New Portage,
Summit county, and at Newburg, a
Cleveland suburb. Wells have been
sunk and thick veins of rock salt have
been found at a depth of 3,000 feet.
Buildings have already been erected
and operations will be commenced
within a few weeks. The output of the
three plants will be about 3,000 bar-
rels of refined salt per day.

A recent decision of the Supreme
Court is of interest to every property
holder in a borough or city. Hereto-
fore the town or corporation has been
held liable for damages resulting from
defective sidewalks. The decision of
the Supreme Court makes the property
holder directly responsible. In the
case in question a property owner in
Brookville, in Jefferson county, had
been notified in the fall by the borough
authorities to repair his sidewalk. He
agreed to repair it so that it would be
safe during the winter and in the spring
to lay a new stone walk. He did make
a few repairs, but a hole was left in
which a lady caught her foot, sustain-
ing injuries for which she recovered
damages from the borough to the ex-
tent of \$5,000. In contesting the claim
the borough gave notice to the prop-
erty owner. In the court of common
pleas the borough was beaten, but the
Supreme Court reversed the court be-
low and directed judgment against the
property owner for the full amount and
of the judgement and costs. When
property owners learn that they, and
not the borough authorities, are respon-
sible for damages resulting from defec-
tive sidewalks, which they have been
notified to repair, and are by munici-
pal law required to keep in repair,
they will probably be more careful.
This is good wholesome law, and ought
to put an end to bad sidewalks.

A fine looking man, six feet two
inches tall, wearing a long brown beard
and attired in fine clothing, arrived at
the Bolton House, Harrisburg,
last Wednesday and registered as "Kol-
der, Shikago." He was seen about the
hotel during the day and his hand-
some appearance attracted the atten-
tion of the other guests. He was evi-
dently a high bred German gentleman.
Although not able to speak English in
broken language, during a conversation
at the supper table it was learned that
he had been in this country only about
nine months.

His business or the object of his visit
to Harrisburg is not known. Thurs-
day morning he was found in his bed
in an unconscious condition. Physi-
cians were summoned, who, after an ex-
amination, found that Kolder had an
attack of apoplexy. He lingered un-
til 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon, when
he expired. His remains were taken in
charge by Undertaker Boyd, who will
prepare them for burial. Kolder was
an elegantly built man, of splendid
physique, and about 45 years of age.
His clothing is of fine fabric, even to
his under garments, and he had a dis-
tinguished appearance. An effort will
be made to ascertain the whereabouts
of his friends. Boyd will hold the re-
mains for a week. Friday evening a
revolver, gold watch and locket were
found among the stranger's effects. In
the locket were the likeness of a mid-
dle-aged woman and a young man.

Two mysterious disappearances were
reported from the lower end of Berks
county Friday. Andrew Stauffer, a
farmer, near Claytonville, left home on
Wednesday evening, and his where-
abouts are a mystery. His disappear-
ance is attributed to financial troubles.
He left the house with a team, and
later the horse returned alone. Mr.
Stauffer's hat was found in the wagon.
There is no suspicion of foul play. In-
formation has also been received that
Henry Yerger, landlord of a Gilberts-
ville hotel, left on Tuesday morning,
since which time nothing has been
heard of him. He left home to go to
Norristown on business, but inquiry
brought the information that Yerger
had not been there.

That a widow has a right to sue for
her dower any time within twenty-one
years after the death of her husband was
decided by the Supreme Court sitting
at Philadelphia.

The Illinois Supreme Court has de-
cided that the Young Men's Christian
Association is not a religious body
within the meaning of the law and so
awards it a large bequest.

There are 100,000 people in the
United States who have artificial legs
or hands. This number does not in-
clude disabled soldiers.

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ed at the last meeting, were ordered to
be inserted here, as follows: Commit-
tee on town property, H. Myers and J.
H. Brown; committee on streets, L. H.
Felix and F. Steffy; finance committee,
E. Roth and P. A. Gise; on ordinance,
E. Roth and J. H. Brown.

Report of street committee stated
that a few loads of stone delivered on
Berlin street and some work done by
commissioner and his men.

Committee on town property said
that there was nothing special, but there
was some old iron should be disposed
of, and the wagon was still without
shelter.

Councilman Brown stated that Mr.
Neely, Assignee of H. J. Myer's estate
refused to pay the tax to the collector,
when Mr. Brown moved that the Coun-
cil order Mr. Mowry call on the Coun-
cil's Attorney for advice and then pro-
ceeded to collect the tax. It was then ar-
gued that the collector had settled with
the Borough and assumed the balance
of the tax due. Mr. Brown then called
for the vote on his resolution, which
was taken, and lost.

It was reported to the Council that
the overhead bridge on High Street was
almost daily showing signs that it was
weakening, the cracks in the masonry
widening. It was examined by a com-
mittee who pronounced it unsafe. On
motion, the Secretary was directed to
notify the superintendent of the fact,
and that the Council would not hold
themselves responsible for any accident
that might occur.

The matter of opening the streets was
brought before the Council, when on
motion, after being discussed, it be sub-
mitted to the Attorney to furnish a
statement to the Council the manner
of procedure, &c., and then the Coun-
cil to act upon at the next meeting.

A. Sheely, Treasurer elect, presented
his bond with D. J. A. Melhorn as se-
curity, which on motion, was accepted.

Proposals from the Pennsylvania
Globe Gas Light Co., of Philadelphia,
was received to furnish lights for the
streets of our Borough with patent
naphtha gaslights, equal to the best gas-
light furnished anywhere. The Coun-
cil not ready for a change, laid it un-
der the table.

Bills to the amount of \$11.71 were
presented and orders granted for the
same.

There being no further business,
Council adjourned to meet the first
Tuesday evening of May, at 7½ o'clock.
Attest, Jos. S. Girt, Sec'y.

A Carbondale special says: Two
singular accidents befell Leroy and
Eddie Stonebrick, of Dybury, in Wayne
county, on two successive days. The
boys were playing around their father's
sap works when Eddie accidentally ran
against Roy knocking him into a hot
boiling pan of sap. Eddie at once
pulled the little fellow out and poured
cold sap over his body. He was badly
scalded and died next day.

On the day following Eddie and
Mabel his sister, were sent to the barn
to let the cows out of the stables. A
rope was put about the body of Eddie,
who played horse while Mabel was in-
side. As a young heifer was passing out
the wind blew the door partially shut.
The animal threw her head down and
toward Eddie to escape being hit by
the door, and in so doing ran one horn
under the rope around Eddie's body.
At once she became badly frightened
and darted madly around the yard
with Eddie dangling from her horns.
After being whirled three or four times
around the yard the little fellow's per-
ilous ride suddenly terminated by the
rope breaking. He escaped with bruises
and scratches about the head and
face.

Three vessels which arrived at the
port of New York recently reported that
they had been successful in overcoming
the effects of a hurricane by using oil.
Every week we hear of reports of this
kind. The New York News says it
looks as though it would be wise to
make every vessel carry a supply of
oil for this purpose.

A dispatch from Birmingham, Ala.,
of the 6th inst., says: City Marshall
England, of Irondale, was fatally wound-
ed, and three negroes killed late this
evening, about a mile from the town
of Irondale, six miles from this city.
The negroes were accused of stealing,
and the City Marshal, accompanied by
Deputy Sheriff Fortenberry, went to their
cabin to arrest them. The negroes saw
the officers coming and started to run
when England called upon them to
halt. One of the fugitives turned and
fired three times, two of the shots tak-
ing effect, and the Marshal fell to the
ground mortally wounded. Deputy
Sheriff Fortenberry immediately open-
ed fire on the negroes with deadly ef-
fect. By the time the chambers of his
revolvers were emptied three negroes
lay dead on the roadside. England
was carried at once to his home in
Irondale and medical assistance sum-
moned from this city, while the negroes
were left where they lay.

Further trouble is expected, as the
negroes have become very bold on ac-
count of the result of the recent elec-
tion, in which a Republican Mayor
was elected. The Democrats claimed
that some of the negroes voted illegal-
ly and a contest is now in the Supreme
Court. The Republicans being suc-
cessful in the lower court. The Mayor
elected, James E. Weidman, his father
J. C. Weidman the Postmaster, and J.
W. Carpenter, a lawyer, were all serv-
ed with warning White Cap letters.
The postoffice is boycotted and all let-
ters are mailed on the train. This has
created affairs which renders the worst
class of negroes bold, and the better
class of white people are getting des-
perate. The killing to-day has intensi-
fied the excitement on both sides.

The clock cost Fitzsimmons four
years of unremitting labor. Among its
many features was a complete mini-
ature railway train, with engine, tender,
four passenger coaches, engineer, fire-
man and conductor. As this train
reached the small station a crowd of
infinitesimal people emerged from a
cleverly constructed mansard depot
and congregated on the platform, while
a hump-backed bridge tender lowered
the gates precisely as in actual railroad-
ing.

Another feature was a complete re-
presentation of the solar system, with
sun, moon, planets and myriads of
stars twinkling in the cerulean back-
ground. The clock was constructed with
no tools excepting a pocket knife and
file blade. Fitzsimmons valued it at
\$15,000 and had recently refused \$7,-
000 for it. Just before the fire occur-
red he took out a \$5,000 insurance
policy on it. It is feared he will lose
his mind under the disappointment, as
his clock occupied all his thoughts.

Thomas Fitzsimmons, of Pittston,
inventor of the wonderful clock which
has been on exhibition in all the prin-
cipal cities of the State, and which was
claimed by many to be superior, in
point of intricate mechanism, to the
famous Strasburg clock, is prostrated
over the intelligence that his instru-
ment was burned and entirely destroy-
ed in the Hoover block fire at Owego,
N. Y.

THE DOCTOR AND POSTMASTER were
talking about a case of serious illness,
due to a neglected cold and rapidly go-
ing into consumption, which was
promptly cured by Puritan cough and
consumption cure. Price 25 cents.

Experience has shown sufferers with
dyspepsia, biliousness and liver com-
plaint, in fact all diseases arising from
a disordered system, that nothing equals
Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator for these
troubles. Try it. Trial bottles free at
Barnitz's drug store.

The United States Salt Company,
capital \$1,000,000, has been organized
at Cleveland, Ohio. The company
will have work shops at New Portage,
Summit county, and at Newburg, a
Cleveland suburb. Wells have been
sunk and thick veins of rock salt have
been found at a depth of 3,000 feet.
Buildings have already been erected
and operations will be commenced
within a few weeks. The output of the
three plants will be about 3,000 bar-
rels of refined salt per day.

A recent decision of the Supreme
Court is of interest to every property
holder in a borough or city. Hereto-
fore the town or corporation has been
held liable for damages resulting from
defective sidewalks. The decision of
the Supreme Court makes the property
holder directly responsible. In the
case in question a property owner in
Brookville, in Jefferson county, had
been notified in the fall by the borough
authorities to repair his sidewalk. He
agreed to repair it so that it would be
safe during the winter and in the spring
to lay a new stone-walk. He did make
a few repairs, but a hole was left in
which a lady caught her foot, sustain-
ing injuries for which she recovered
damages from the borough to the ex-
tent of \$5,000. In contesting the claim
the borough gave notice to the prop-
erty owner. In the court of common
pleas the borough was beaten, but the
Supreme Court reversed the court be-
low and directed judgment against the
property owner for the full amount and
of the judgement and costs. When
property owners learn that they, and
not the borough authorities, are respon-
sible for damages resulting from defec-
tive sidewalks, which they have been
notified to repair, and are by munici-
pal law required to keep in repair,
they will probably be more careful.
This is good wholesome law, and ought
to put an end to bad sidewalks.

A fine looking man, six feet two
inches tall, wearing a long brown beard
and attired in fine clothing, arrived at
the Bolton House, Harrisburg,
last Wednesday and registered as "Kolder,
Shikago." He was seen about the
hotel during the day and his hand-
some appearance attracted the atten-
tion of the other guests. He was evi-
dently a high bred German gentleman.
Although not able to speak English in
broken language, during a conversation
at the supper table it was learned that
he had been in this country only about
nine months.

His business or the object of his visit
to Harrisburg is not known. Thurs-
day morning he was found in his bed
in an unconscious condition. Physic-
ians were summoned, who, after an ex-
amination, found that Kolder had an
attack of apoplexy. He lingered un-
til 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon, when
he expired. His remains were taken in
charge by Undertaker Boyd, who will
prepare them for burial. Kolder was
an elegantly built man, of splendid
physique, and about 45 years of age.
His clothing is of fine fabric, even to
his under garments, and he had a dis-
tinguished appearance. An effort will
be made to ascertain the whereabouts
of his friends. Boyd will hold the re-
mains for a week. Friday evening a
revolver, gold watch and locket were
found among the stranger's effects. In
the locket were the likeness of a mid-
dle-aged woman and a young man.

Two mysterious disappearances were
reported from the lower end of Berks
county Friday. Andrew Stauffer, a
farmer, near Claytonville, left home on
Wednesday evening, and his where-
abouts are a mystery. His disappearance
is attributed to financial troubles.
He left the house with a team, and
later the horse returned alone. Mr.
Stauffer's hat was found in the wagon.
There is no suspicion of foul play. In-
formation has also been received that
Henry Yerger, landlord of a Gilberts-
ville hotel, left on Tuesday morning,
since which time nothing has been
heard of him. He left home to go to
Norristown on business, but inquiry
brought the information that Yerger
had not been there.

That a widow has a right to sue for
her dower any time within twenty-one
years after the death of her husband was
decided by the Supreme Court sitting
at Philadelphia.

The Illinois Supreme Court has de-
cided that the Young Men's Christian
Association is not a religious body
within the meaning of the law and so
awards it a large bequest.

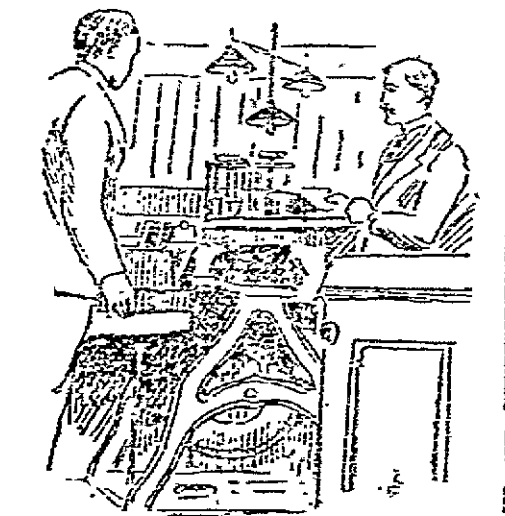
There are 100,000 people in the
United States who have artificial legs
or hands. This number does not in-
clude disabled soldiers.

THE U. S. MAIL.

HOW IT IS HANDLED IN THE LARGEST POSTOFFICE.

Daily Scenes at the New York Office—A Canceling Machine Which Handles 30,000 Letters an Hour.

A visitor to the Postoffice, through the courtesy of Superintendent Morgan, was permitted to take a number of flashlight photographs of the men at work in various departments. Superintendent Bowne conducted the visitor through the entire building and away down into the lower basements where the tons of newspaper matter are received and sent out. As the clerks who work for Uncle Sam in this great workshop have just as much to



A CANCELING MACHINE.

do as an expert can possibly accomplish in a given number of minutes, they had no time to become curious or to wonder what was about to be photographed. In fact, none of them seemed to know what was to be done until the blinding flash of magnesium was set off for the first picture. Then the head of one of the departments, known technically as a time-keeper, rushed into the room where the light had been flashed and looked all around. He thought an electric light wire had burned out. This would have been dangerous, for the interior of the New York Postoffice is a perfect network of electric light wires.



A GREAT PILE OF MAIL POUCHES.

The first picture shows a canceling machine. It does the work of perhaps twenty men for every hour of the day. It cancels the stamps on 30,000 letters every hour, and never was known to miss one. No matter where the stamp is placed on the envelope, so that it be anywhere above the lower half of it, that delicate piece of mechanism finds it, cancels its face, and prints the New York postmark with date, year and time of day as accurately as a hand stamp could do it, and in a much neater manner. A stream of letters was flying through the machine when the picture was taken.

Here is a little job which would cause most men to feel very tired even before beginning the task. There were eighty-six mail pouches in this little pile and the letters contained in them had just arrived on one of the fast mail trains from Chicago and the West. If there had been a letter in one of these pouches for you, it would have puzzled you to have followed it until it reached your office. The pouches were flipped open, it seemed almost the instant the key in the hands of one of the postal clerks touched it. That man could open

more mail locks in a minute, perhaps, than the average citizen could unlock in half an hour. It was an art with him. Then he picked up the pouches and dumped their contents upon the tables in front of him, and



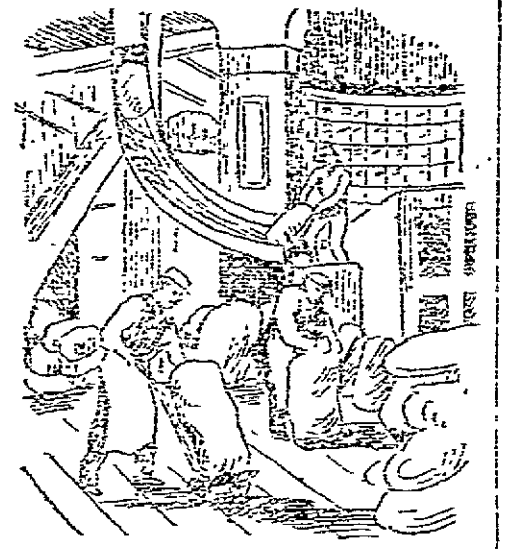
DISTRIBUTING CLERKS AT WORK.

which many clerks were at work. Deft hands caused that pile of mail matter to

melt away like snow under a warm sun, but the pile was kept replenished as rapidly as it was cleared away. In front of the distributing clerks were innumerable pigeon holes. An instant after the first pouch had been unlocked, there began a ceaseless shower of letters darting hither and thither through the air, sometimes going only a few inches, at others many feet, and all darting into the little pigeon holes with what seemed almost a human intelligence. Not a clerk looked up. Each threw the mail intuitively, and although watched for ten minutes, not a mistake or false throw was made. In an incredible short space of time the pouches were emptied, the mail was distributed and the city carriers had it in hand, "making up" their routes.

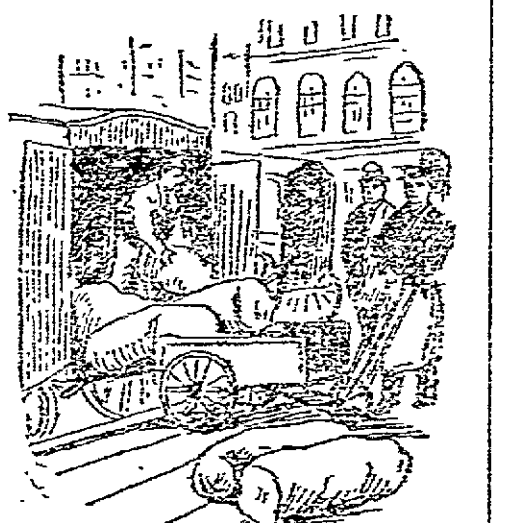
These piles of letters, having been collected from the pigeon holes into which they had flown from the deft fingers of the distributors, were laid on long banks of wood at another table, and a small army of mail carriers were sorting them according to streets and numbers of streets, so that when they had completed their task they had every letter which was directed to any one on their particular route, so classified that the letter could be sent to the first house on the way was on top and so on through the long route. Then the mail carriers slung their sacks over their shoulders and with hands full of newspapers fled out into the street and disappeared from view. That letter that came for you from Chicago yesterday afternoon was in your office within forty minutes after its arrival at the Postoffice.

There is a floor in the Postoffice seldom seen by casual visitors. It is deep down below the surface of the street. Here it is that the great newspaper mails are made up. There is little ventilation, and the place is not as sweet smelling as health demands. But nevertheless in this immense basement, filled from end to end with great, towering distributing cases and long, smooth chutes from the floor above, work fully 500 men from morning to night constantly hurrying.



NEWSPAPER MAIL ROOM.

and never late with the completion of their tasks. Three or four truck loads of newspapers wrapped for mailing were deposited in sacks of canvas on the floor. A dozen men clambered over the pile, and in an instant the sacks were opened and thousands of pieces of mail were deposited on the tables in front of the cases. Then the incessant shower of missives began and the pile of matter dwindled until within fifteen minutes the table was cleared, and the distributed mail tied up in the canvas sacks that were to transport it to its destination. It was like clockwork. The tied sacks were then loaded upon trucks and wheeled to the big freight elevators at the Mail street end of the building and lifted up to the street floor. A long row of wagons was in waiting outside, and into them the sacks were bundled, and carefully but quickly packed. The clerk whose duty it is to check off each sack kept a faithful memorandum of every piece, and before the first wagon had



TAKING AWAY SACKS OF MAIL.

gone a block the superintendent of the department from which its mail had been taken knew just what it had on board and to what train it was destined. So the work goes on every day in the year. There are no hitches, no waits, but everything has a place, its time and its men to do the work, and it is always done when it should be. It is the greatest workshop in the metropolis.—*New York Sun.*

A few days ago John Ball, of Rochelle, Georgia, had a log rolling, and about 12 o'clock, while the men were at dinner, an old hen came in the house, jumped upon the bed, deposited an egg, which one of the small children took to carry to his mother, and on the way he accidentally dropped the egg, which was broken, and to the astonishment of those present, it was found to contain a chick fully developed.

Queer Scenes at a Wedding in Algeria.

A marriage celebration in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bridegroom goes to bring the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will await his coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bridegroom's house.

The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride muffled up in a veil, riding a mule led by her lover.

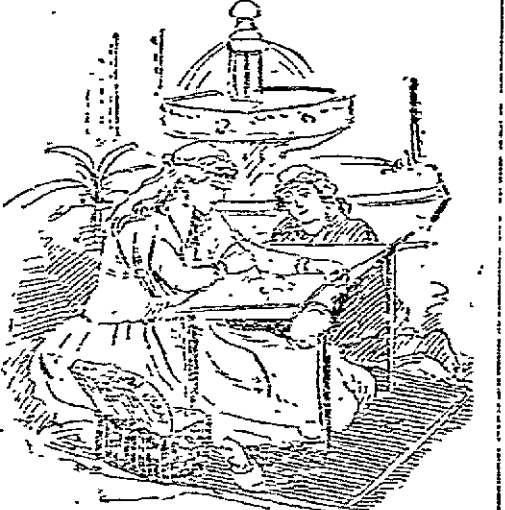


THE BRIDAL PROCESSION.

Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver ornaments, after which the friends of the bride follow.

The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule and holds her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshold of his house. Those about the door beat him with olive branches, amid much laughter.

In the evening, on such occasions, the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing each other; nor does a couple desist until, panting and exhausted, they step aside to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, though



AN ALGERIAN WOMAN EMBROIDERING.

the steps are small and changes of position slight, the dancers only circling round occasionally.

But they swing their bodies about with an astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate to the music: they shake; they shiver and tremble; they extend quivering arms, wave veils, and their minds seem lost in the abandon and frenzy of the dance, while the other women, looking on, encourage by their high, piercing, shrilling cries, which add to the noise of the pipes and drums.

The wealthy women of Algeria are very fond of embroidering, and our illustration shows how the work is done.



"April Hopes."



Two Views.

"Say, old woman, I've got a headache."

English stoats and weasels are being exported to New Zealand from England in large numbers to kill off the rabbits, and the rats, which have been food for the stoats and weasels in England, are increasing enormously in some districts. There is talk of a movement to prevent the exportation of any more rat destroyers.

A widow in New York, it is said, brought a suit for damages against a well known neurologist for taking her husband's brain, and also for violating an alleged contract to give her \$1,000 or using her husband as a medical object lesson.

TEN THOUSAND TEMPLES

THEY MAY BE SEEN IN KIOTO, THE HOLY CITY OF JAPAN.

Around Them Centres the Religious Sentiment of the People—Images of Buddha—Temple Bells.

A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*, writing from Kioto, one of the largest cities in Japan, says: Until within twenty years Kioto was the capital of the country. For more than a thousand years it was the seat of government and the residence of the Empire's sacred ruler, the Mikado, the oldest dynasty on earth. Here centered, and still centers, the religious feeling of Japan.

Kioto is the most be-templed city in the world. There are more than 10,000 Buddhist and Shinto temples within its limits (to be exact, the number is 10,012). Kioto contains 830,000 souls.

The early Emperors were in the habit of changing their capitals frequently, and it was not until the fiftieth Emperor—Kwan-mu-Tenno—came to the throne that it was thought best to seek a permanent place for the capital. This spot was chosen as being worthy of the capital of Tenshi, the son of Heaven. It is called the place where the gods dwell.

During these thousand years the vicissitudes of the holy city were many and great. War, rebellion, fire, earthquake and flood have put in destructive work. It has been destroyed by fire alone eleven times. The important river Kamogawa plows down through the centre of the city dividing it into two nearly equal parts. Its manufactures are silk fabrics of great beauty, fine Shippo enamels, a fine grade of pottery—faience—called Awata ware, an industry over 300 years old.

The religious buildings and grounds around them form the most interesting feature of Kioto to strangers, and the most noted is Ki-yo-midzu, an enormous and venerable Buddhist temple, built nearly 1100 years ago in honor of the Goddess Twan-on. It stands on a steep mountain side, and the front is supported by an enormous open-work structure of timbers. In this temple a great number of votive offerings are hung up, given by those who in past times have been helped by the goddess. These are generally in the form of paintings, some of them very large. There are, however, many inscriptions. There is a curious wooden image called Binzurusaw, almost worn out by the pious worshippers afflicted with pain who rub that part of the image corresponding to the aching part of their own body, which is said to be a quick cure. This god being fond of children the mothers of little sick ones often hang a bib round the neck of the image as a thank offering. Near by the main temple is a small shrine, in which there are a hundred or more small stone images of Ji-Zo (one of the Buddhas) in the form of babies. Here come sorrowing mothers, who search for the likeness of their lost little ones, and when they find among the images one that resembles their own, they place their dead baby's bib upon it. The street leading to the temple contains nothing but pottery factories and shops where they make coarse earthenware and faience, besides some porcelain which is famed throughout Japan as Kivomizu ware.

Not far from this is Dai-Butsu, "the great Buddha." It was a fashion from the eleventh to the sixteenth century in Japan to erect—as an act of piety for some great favor granted by Buddha to the Emperors, shoguns and generals—enormous images of Buddha in wood or bronze. This one was erected by Hideyoshi in 1587, originally of wood, 160 feet high, standing in a building 200 feet high and 270 feet long. Shortly after this was destroyed by an earthquake. Hideyoshi having erected it to protect the city was angry because it could not protect itself, so he replaced it with an image of bronze of the Buddhist divinity Zenkoji. This was sixty-three feet in height. Shortly afterward this was destroyed by fire, but re-erected by the second son of Hideyoshi, Hideyosi by name. Less than half a century afterward, Iyeyasu, the greatest ruler in Japanese history, being short of funds, melted the image down and coined it into money, many pieces of which are still in circulation, and to content the gods built another image of wood which, near the close of the eighteenth century, was destroyed by lightning. The present image is of wood, erected about five years ago, and while it is very large—some seventy feet or more high—and consists of head and bust only, it is very poor as a work of art.

In these temple grounds, however, is a much more interesting object—a great bronze bell, twenty-four feet in height with a diameter of about nine feet and a thickness of ten inches. Temple bells in Japan are unlike church bells at home. The sides are straight, the shoulder is round, the bottom edges does not flare, and it is of equal thickness, apparently, throughout. They do not ring them by means of clapper or by swinging, but the bell being hung in a strong, square, low tower not much above the ground it is struck by the swing of a large log of wood suspended near it horizontally in a rope sling. The log strikes end on against a particular spot about one-third up on the side. The sound is very sweet and solemn. This great bell has had a remarkable history. Hideyori, the son of Hideyoshi, had it made. He was the rightful heir to the throne, but his guardian, Iyeyasu, was conspiring to transfer the shogunate to himself.

and for some fanciful objection to the inscription on the bell, he forbade its dedication, at the hour when all was ready and the people assembled. This brought about a quarrel, resulting in the defeat and ruin of the Toyotomi family, of which Hideyori was the head, and the consequent elevation of Iyeyasu to the chief military office, the shogunate, which office he and his successors, the Tokugawa family, occupied until the revolution of 1868, since which time the Mikado has become not only the sacred but the political ruler and the shogunate abolished. For over 250 years this bell remained unhung. The Tokugawas would not permit it to be struck, but since the revolution it has been hung in a suitable tower, and any one—if he is only strong enough—can swing the great suspended log and strike the bell three times for a sea, and the reader may rest assured that I took at least two seas' worth of ringing of one of the biggest bells in the world.

WISE WORDS.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

It takes almost superhuman strength to hang on when you begin at the top of the ladder.

The man who never offends anybody can usually count his friends on the fingers of one hand.

A fresh mind keeps the body fresh. Take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

Many a coffin is covered with roses by hands that never before gave its occupant anything but thorns.

The road to happiness and the road to misery follow the same course. The difference is in the travelers, not in the road traveled.

Extremes meet in almost everything; it is hard to tell whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the plowman at the bottom, labors hardest.

In private conversation between friends the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for, indeed, the talking of a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

If a man does not make new friendships as he passes through life he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

The mind should be allowed to dwell only on thoughts that are happy, satisfying or perfect. Happy thoughts! We have them when we expect them, and are in a state to receive them.

Human nature requires change for its recreation. "Variety is charming," not only because it is variety, but because continuous effort in one direction produces lassitude, staleness and decrease of power.

Lord Napier's Steady Nerve.

The death of Lord Napier, of Magdala, recalls a story of the old soldier's nerve as exhibited once, in a time of profound peace in India. The Sikh warriors were famous swordsmen, and, if any one was hardy enough to test their skill, they could cut an apple, resting on the palm of a man's hand, cleanly in two equal pieces, so that each piece dropped separately to the ground, without fraying the skin of the outstretched hand. Perfect steadiness was required in the person holding the apple, for if the hand shrank the consequences were likely to be serious. It is perhaps needless to say that the offer to perform this feat was more often made than accepted.

For a long time Lord Napier refused to believe that the wild soldiers could do this thing, and when one of them invited him to hold the apple and witness the exploit he promptly consented, supposing that the swordsman would flinch from the undertaking; but the Sikh had entire confidence in his own skill. His eye, however, detected a little irregularity on the General's right palm as it was held out, and he asked him to present the apple in his left hand. Lord Napier afterward said that, for the first time in his life, he was conscious of the sensation of fear, as the conviction flashed upon him that the man was not going to "back out."

However, firm as a rock, the hand with the apple upon it was extended, the sword flashed down, and the fruit fell in two segments to the earth. The skin was not scratched, but its owner said he felt the keen blade touch it, as though a hair had been broken across it. He added that though he was at last convinced of the Sikh swordsman's skill, he would never again allow one of them to test it in that way; and he advised his officers to make the same resolution.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Dog Caught His Consumption.

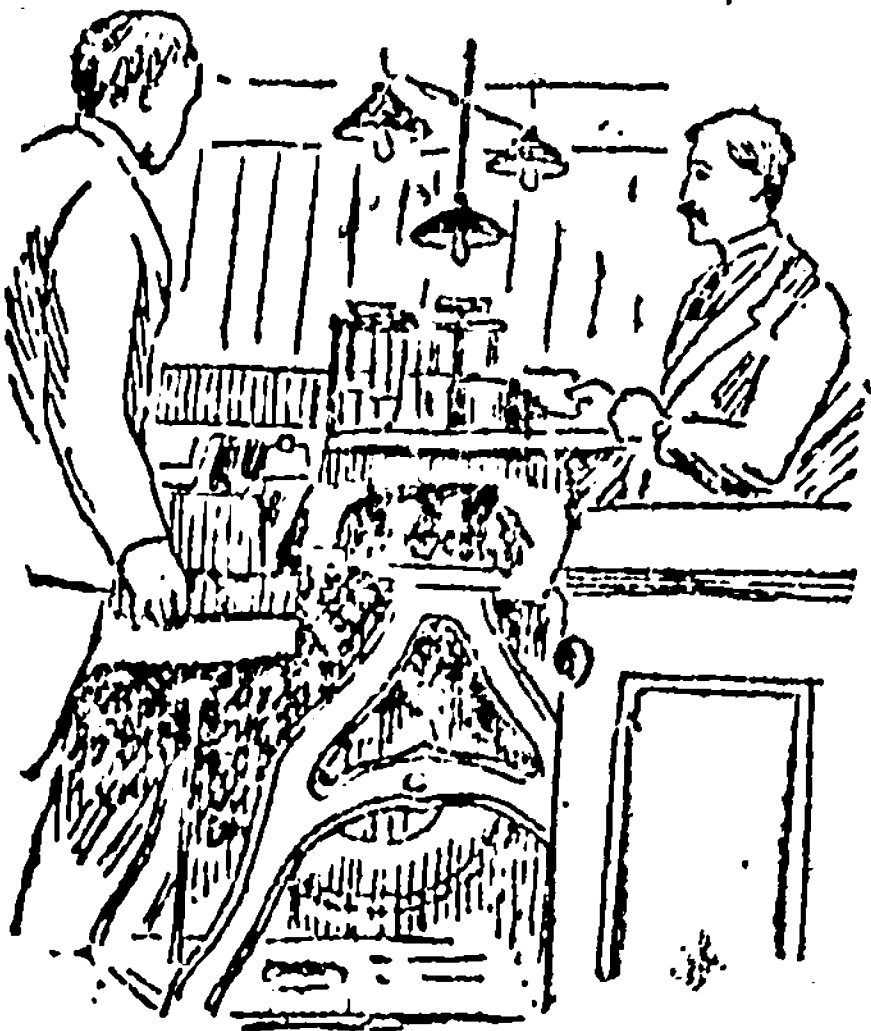
J. S. Manly is a new-comer at Flint, Mich., and the following story is told of him: A year ago Manly, then a resident of St. Louis, was dying of consumption. One day the family dog, a valuable greyhound, made his way to the sick man's bed and licked his face and hands. Manly was too weak to drive him off, and its mighty lucky that he was, for contrary to the predictions of the doctors, Manly began to improve. The poor dog, however, had absorbed the disease, and the animal is now in the last stages of consumption, while Manly is as well and strong as he was in early manhood. Photographs of the dog before and after taking the consumption would add to the vividness of the story, but Manly vouches for it word for word.—*Macon News.*

THE U. S. MAIL.

HOW IT IS HANDLED IN THE LARGEST POSTOFFICE.

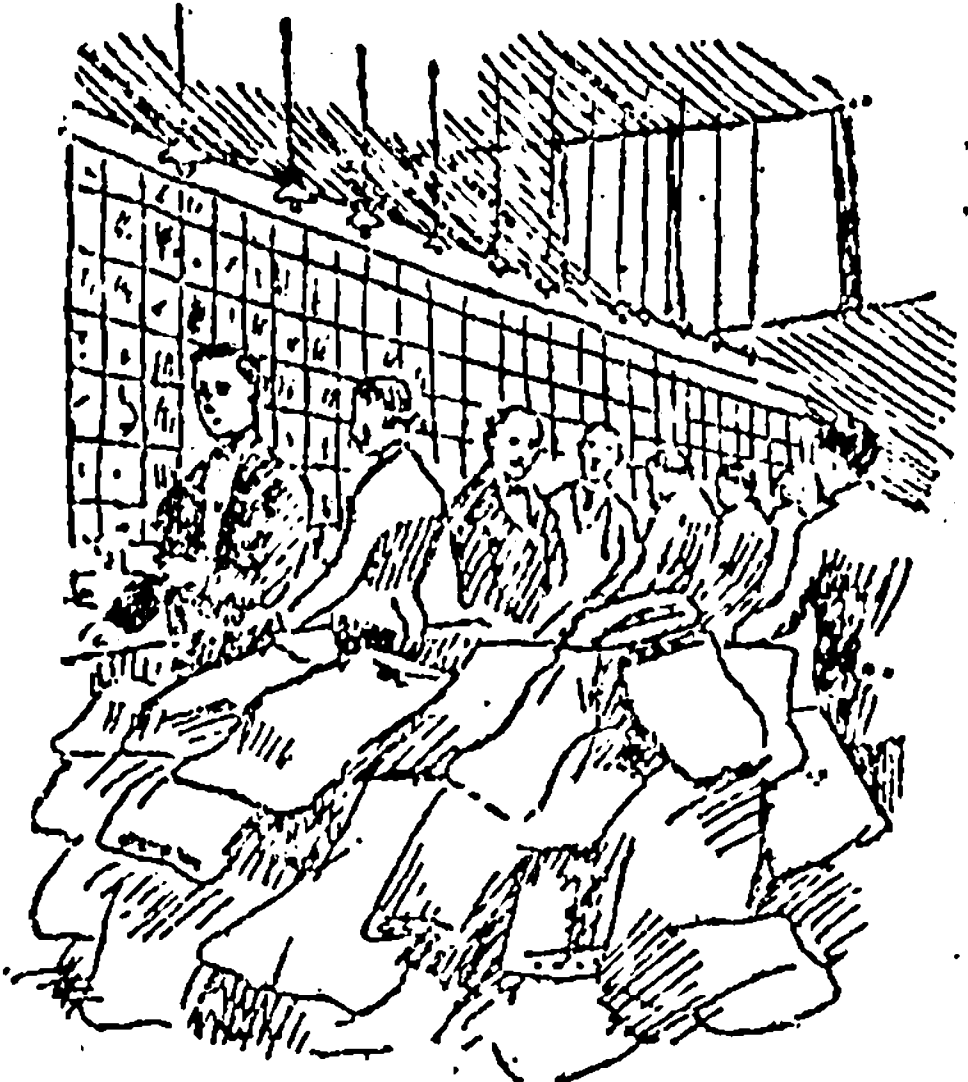
Daily Scenes at the New York Office—A Canceling Machine Which Handles 30,000 Letters an Hour.

A visitor to the Postoffice, through the courtesy of Superintendent Morgan, was permitted to take a number of flashlight photographs of the men at work in various departments. Superintendent Bowne conducted the visitor through the entire building and away down into the lower basements where the tons of newspaper matter are received and sent out. As the clerks who work for Uncle Sam in this great workshop have just as much to



A CANCELING MACHINE.

do as an expert can possibly accomplish in a given number of minutes, they had no time to become curious or to wonder what was about to be photographed. In fact, none of them seemed to know what was to be done until the blinding flash of magnesium was set off for the first picture. Then the head of one of the departments, known technically as a time-keeper, rushed into the room where the light had been flashed and looked all around. He thought an electric light wire had burned out. This would have been dangerous, for the interior of the New York Postoffice is a perfect network of electric light wires.



A GREAT PILE OF MAIL POUCHES.

The first picture shows a canceling machine. It does the work of perhaps twenty men for every hour of the day. It cancels the stamps on 30,000 letters every hour, and never was known to miss one. No matter where the stamp is placed on the envelope, so that it be anywhere above the lower half of it, that delicate piece of mechanism finds it, cancels its face, and prints the New York postmark with date, year and time of day as accurately as a hand stamp could do it, and in a much neater manner. A stream of letters was flying through the machine when the picture was taken.

Here is a little job which would cause most men to feel very tired even before beginning the task. There were eighty-six mail pouches in this little pile and the letters contained in them had just arrived on one of the fast mail trains from Chicago and the West. If there had been a letter in one of these pouches for you, it would have puzzled you to have followed it until it reached your office. The pouches were slipped open, it seemed almost the instant the key in the hands of one of the postal clerks touched it. That man could open

more mail locks in a minute, perhaps, than the average citizen could unlock in half an hour. It was an art with him. Then he picked up the pouches and dumped their contents upon the tables in front of him, and



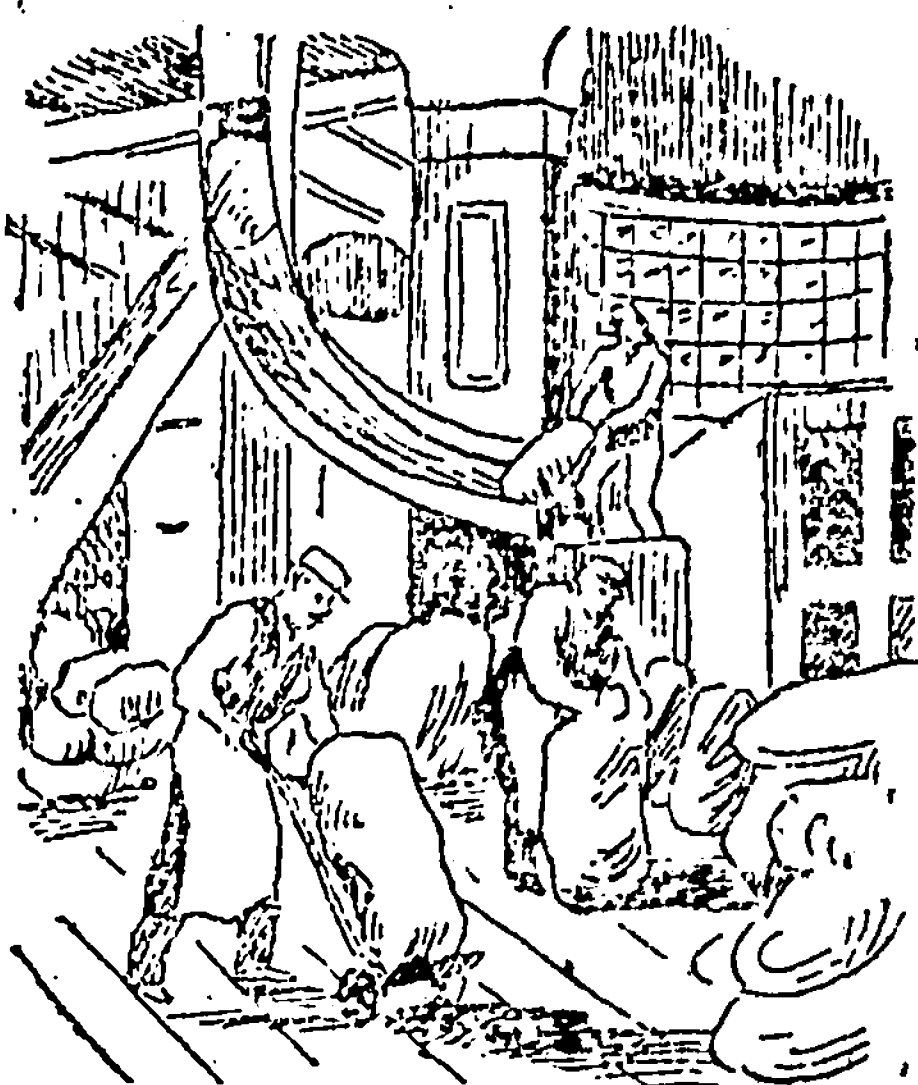
DISTRIBUTING CLERKS AT WORK.

which many clerks were at work. Deft hands caused that pile of mail matter to

melt away like snow under a warm sun, but the pile was kept replenished as rapidly as it was cleared away. In front of the distributing clerks were innumerable pigeon holes. An instant after the first pouch had been unlocked, there began a ceaseless shower of letters darting hither and thither through the air, sometimes going only a few inches, at others many feet, and all darting into the little pigeon holes with what seemed almost a human intelligence. Not a clerk looked up. Each threw the mail intuitively, and although watched for ten minutes, not a mistake or false throw was made. In an incredible short space of time the pouches were emptied, the mail was distributed and the city carriers had it in hand, "making up" their routes.

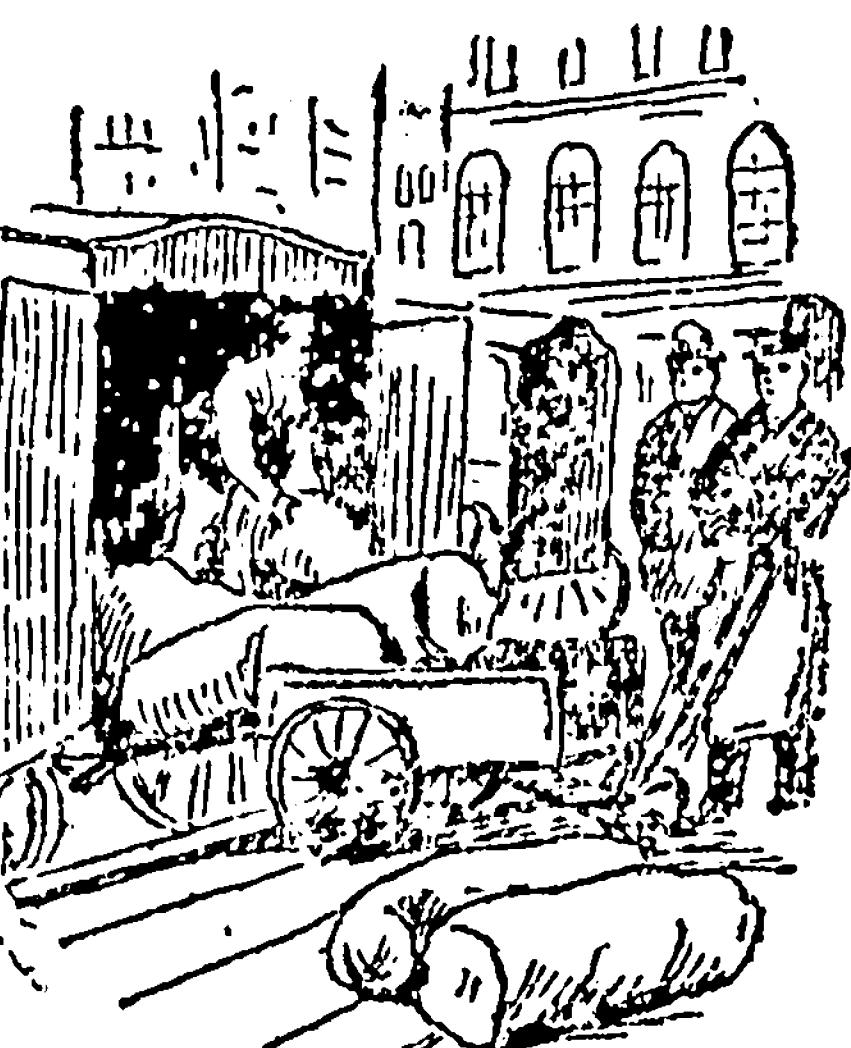
These piles of letters, having been collected from the pigeon holes into which they had flown from the deft fingers of the distributors, were laid on long banks of wood at another table, and a small army of mail carriers were sorting them according to streets and numbers of streets, so that when they had completed their task they had every letter which was directed to any one on their particular route, so classified that the letter consigned to the first house on the way was on top and so on through the long route. Then the mail carriers slung their sacks over their shoulders and with hands full of newspapers filed out into the street and disappeared from view. That letter that came for you from Chicago yesterday afternoon was in your office within forty minutes after its arrival at the Postoffice.

There is a floor in the Postoffice seldom seen by casual visitors. It is deep down below the surface of the street. Here it is that the great newspaper mails are made up. There is little ventilation, and the place is not as sweet smelling as health demands. But nevertheless in this immense basement, filled from end to end with great, towering distributing cases and long, smooth chutes from the floor above, work fully 500 men from morning to night constantly hurrying,



NEWSPAPER MAIL ROOM.

and never late with the completion of their tasks. Three or four truck loads of newspapers wrapped for mailing were deposited in sacks of canvas on the floor. A dozen men clambered over the pile, and in an instant the sacks were opened and thousands of pieces of mail were deposited on the tables in front of the cases. Then the incessant shower of missiles began and the pile of matter dwindled until within fifteen minutes the table was cleared, and the distributed mail tied up in the canvas sacks that were to transport it to its destination. It was like clockwork. The tied sacks were then loaded upon trucks and wheeled to the big freight elevators at the Mail street end of the building and lifted up to the street floor. A long row of wagons was in waiting outside, and into them the sacks were bundled, and carefully but quickly packed. The clerk whose duty it is to check off each sack kept a faithful memorandum of every piece, and before the first wagon had



TAKING AWAY SACKS OF MAIL.

gone a block the superintendent of the department from which its mail had been taken knew just what it had on board and to what train it was destined. So the work goes on every day in the year. There are no hitches, no waits, but everything has a place, its time and its men to do the work, and it is always done when it should be. It is the greatest workshop in the metropolis.—*New York Sun.*

A few days ago John Ball, of Rochelle, Georgia, had a log rolling, and about 12 o'clock, while the men were at dinner, an old hen came in the house, jumped upon the bed, deposited an egg, which one of the small children took to carry to his mother, and on the way he accidentally dropped the egg, which was broken, and to the astonishment of those present, it was found to contain a chicken fully developed.

Queer Scenes at a Wedding in Algeria.

A marriage celebration in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bridegroom goes to bring the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will await his coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bridegroom's house.

The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride muffled up in a veil, riding a mule led by her lover.



THE BRIDAL PROCESSION.

Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver ornaments, after which the friends of the bride follow.

The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule and holds her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshold of his house. Those about the door beat him with olive branches, amid much laughter.

In the evening, on such occasions, the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing each other; nor does a couple desist until, panting and exhausted, they step aside to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, though



AN ALGERIAN WOMAN EMBROIDERING.

the steps are small and changes of position slight, the dancers only circling round occasionally.

But they swing their bodies about with an astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate to the music; they shake; they shiver and tremble; they extend quivering arms, wave veils, and their minds seem lost in the abandon and frenzy of the dance, while the other women, looking on, encourage by their high, piercing, thrilling cries, which add to the noise of the pipes and drums.

The wealthy women of Algeria are very fond of embroidering, and our illustration shows how the work is done.

"April Hopes."



Two Views.



"Say, old woman, I've got a headache."

English stoats and weasels are being exported to New Zealand from England in large numbers to kill off the rabbits, and the rats, which have been food for the stoats and weasels in England, are increasing enormously in some districts. There is talk of a movement to prevent the exportation of any more rat destroyers.

A widow in New York, it is said, brought a suit for damages against a well known neurologist for taking her husband's brain, and also for violating an alleged contract to give her \$1,000 or using her husband, as a medical object lesson.

TEN THOUSAND TEMPLES

THEY MAY BE SEEN IN KIOTO, THE HOLY CITY OF JAPAN.

Around Them Centres the Religious Sentiment of the People—Images of Buddha—Temple Bells.

A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*, writing from Kioto, one of the largest cities in Japan, says: Until within twenty years Kioto was the capital of the country. For more than a thousand years it was the seat of government and the residence of the Empire's sacred ruler, the Mikado, the oldest dynasty on earth. Here centered, and still centers, the religious feeling of Japan.

Kioto is the most be-templed city in the world. There are more than 10,000 Buddhist and Shinto temples within its limits (to be exact, the number is 10,014). Kioto contains 850,000 souls.

The early Emperors were in the habit of changing their capitals frequently, and it was not until the fiftieth Emperor—Kwan-mu-Tenno—came to the throne that it was thought best to seek a permanent place for the capital. This spot was chosen as being worthy of the capital of Tenshi, the son of Heaven. It is called the place where the gods dwell.

During these thousand years the vicissitudes of the holy city were many and great. War, rebellion, fire, earthquake and flood have put in destructive work. It has been destroyed by fire alone eleven times. The important river Kamogawa flows down through the centre of the city dividing it into two nearly equal parts. Its manufactures are silk fabrics of great beauty, fine Shippo enamels, a fine grade of pottery—faience—called Awata ware, an industry over 300 years old.

The religious buildings and grounds around them form the most interesting feature of Kioto to strangers, and the most noted is Ki-yo-midzu, an enormous and venerable Buddhist temple, built nearly 1100 years ago in honor of the Goddess Twan-on. It stands on a steep mountain side, and the front is supported by an enormous open-work structure of timbers. In this temple a great number of votive offerings are hung up, given by those who in past times have been helped by the goddess. These are generally in the form of paintings, some of them very large. There are, however, many inscriptions. There is a curious wooden image called Binzurusaw, almost worn out by the pious worshippers afflicted with pain who rub that part of the image corresponding to the aching part of their own body, which is said to be a quick cure. This god being fond of children the mothers of little sick ones often hang a bib round the neck of the image as a thank offering. Near by the main temple is a small shrine, in which there are a hundred or more small stone images of Ji-Zo (one of the Buddhas) in the form of babies. Here come sorrowing mothers, who search for the likeness of their lost little ones, and when they find among the images one that resembles their own, they place their dead baby's bib upon it. The street leading to the temple contains nothing but pottery factories and shops where they make coarse earthenware and faience, besides some porcelain which is famed throughout Japan as Kivomizu ware.

Not far from this is Dai-Butsu, "the great Buddha." It was a fashion from the eleventh to the sixteenth century in Japan, to erect—as an act of piety for some great favor granted by Buddha to the Emperors, shoguns and generals—enormous images of Buddha in wood or bronze. This one was erected by Hideyoshi in 1587, originally of wood, 160 feet high, standing in a building 200 feet high and 270 feet long. Shortly after this was destroyed by an earthquake. Hideyoshi having erected it to protect the city was angry because it could not protect itself, so he replaced it with an image of bronze of the Buddhist divinity Zenkoji. This was sixty-three feet in height. Shortly afterward this was destroyed by fire, but re-erected by the second son of Hideyoshi, Hideyosi by name. Less than half a century afterward, Iyeyasu, the greatest ruler in Japanese history, being short of funds, melted the image down and coined it into money, many pieces of which are still in circulation, and to content the gods built another image of wood which, near the close of the eighteenth century, was destroyed by lightning. The present image is of wood, erected about five years ago, and while it is very large—some seventy feet or more high—and consists of head and bust only, it is very poor as a work of art.

In these temple grounds, however, is a much more interesting object—a great bronze bell, twenty-four feet in height with a diameter of about nine feet and a thickness of ten inches. Temple bells in Japan are unlike church bells at home. The sides are straight, the shoulder is round, the bottom edges does not flare, and it is of equal thickness, apparently, throughout. They do not ring them by means of clapper or by swinging, but the bell being hung in a strong, square, low tower not much above the ground it is struck by the swing of a large log of wood suspended near it horizontally in a rope sling. The log strikes end on against a particular spot about one-third up on the side. The sound is very sweet and solemn. This great bell has had a remarkable history. Hideyori, the son of Hideyoshi, had it made. He was the rightful heir to the throne, but his guardian, Iyeyasu, was conspiring to transfer the shogunate to himself.

and for some fanciful objection to the inscription on the bell, he forbade its dedication, at the hour when all was ready and the people assembled. This brought about a quarrel, resulting in the defeat and ruin of the Toyotomi family, of which Hideyori was the head, and the consequent elevation of Iyeyasu to the chief military office, the shogunate, which office he and his successors, the Tokugawa family, occupied until the revolution of 1868, since which time the Mikado has become not only the sacred but the political ruler and the shogunate abolished. For over 250 years this bell remained unhung. The Tokugawas would not permit it to be struck, but since the revolution it has been hung in a suitable tower, and any one—if he is only strong enough—can swing the great suspended log and strike the bell three times for a sen, and the reader may rest assured that I took at least two sens' worth of ringing of one of the biggest bells in the world.

WISE WORDS.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

It takes almost superhuman strength to hang on when you begin at the top of the ladder.

The man who never offends anybody can usually count his friends on the fingers of one hand.

A fresh mind keeps the body fresh. Take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

Many a coffin is covered with roses by hands that never before gave its occupant anything but thorns.

The road to happiness and the road to misery follow the same course. The difference is in the travelers, not in the road traveled.

Extremes meet in almost everything; it is hard to tell whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the plowman at the bottom, labors hardest.

In private conversation between friends the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for, indeed, the talking of a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

If a man does not make new friendships as he passes through life he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

The mind should be allowed to dwell only on thoughts that are happy, satisfying or perfect. Happy thoughts! We have them when we expect them, and are in a state to receive them.

Human nature requires change for its recreation. "Variety is charming," not only because it is variety, but because continuous effort in one direction produces lassitude, staleness and decrease of power.

Lord Napier's Steady Nerve.

The death of Lord Napier, of Magdala, recalls a story of the old soldier's nerve as exhibited once, in a time of profound peace in India. The Sikh warriors were famous swordsmen, and, if any one was hardy enough to test their skill, they could cut an apple, resting on the palm of a man's hand, cleanly in two equal pieces, so that each piece dropped separately to the ground, without fraying the skin of the outstretched hand. Perfect steadiness was required in the person holding the apple, for if the hand shrank the consequences were likely to be serious. It is perhaps needless to say that the offer to perform this feat was more often made than accepted.

For a long time Lord Napier refused to believe that the wild soldiers could do this thing, and when one of them invited him to hold the apple and witness the exploit he promptly consented, supposing that the swordsmen would flinch from the undertaking; but the Sikh had entire confidence in his own skill. His eye, however, detected a little irregularity on the General's right palm as it was held out, and he asked him to present the apple in his left hand. Lord Napier afterward said that, for the first time in his life, he was conscious of the sensation of fear, as the conviction flashed upon him that the man was not going to "back out."

However, firm as a rock, the hand with the apple upon it was extended, the sword flashed down, and the fruit fell in two segments to the earth. The skin was not scratched, but its owner said he felt the keen blade touch it, as though a hair had been broken across it. He added that though he was at last convinced of the Sikh swordsmen's skill, he would never again allow one of them to test it in that way; and he advised his officers to make the same resolution.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Dog Caught His Consumption.

J. S. Manly is a new-comer at Flint, Mich., and the following story is told of him: A year ago Manly, then a resident of St. Louis, was dying of consumption. One day the family dog, a valuable greyhound, made his way to the sick man's bed and licked his face and hands. Manly was too weak to drive him off, and its mighty lucky that he was, for contrary to the predictions of the doctors, Manly began to improve. The poor dog, however, had absorbed the disease, and the animal is now in the last stages of consumption, while Manly is as well and strong as he was in early manhood. Photographs of the dog before and after taking the consumption would add to the vividness of the story, but Manly vouches for it word for word.—*Macon News.*

MAMMA'S GOOD-NIGHT.

Mamma loosens the baby's frock,
And takes off each little shoe and sock.
She softly brushes the golden hair,
And pats the shoulders, dimpled and bare:
She puts on the night-gown, white and long,
Humming the while an evening song:

"Daytime is over:

Playtime is closing:

Even the clover

Is nodding and dozing.

Baby's bed shall be soft and white,
Dear little baby, good-night! good-night!"

Mamma kisses the little pink feet,
And the tiny hands so dimpled and sweet,
The rosy cheeks, and the forehead white,
And the lips that prattle from morn till night:
With a last fond kiss for the golden crown
Gently and softly she lays him down
And in the hush that the twilight brings
She stands by her darling's bed and sings:

"Over the willow

Soft winds are sighing;

Round baby's pillow

Bright dreams are flying.

Here comes a pretty one, sure to alight?
Dear little one, good-night! good-night!"

—*Emilia G. Bumstead.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Many a man has made a goose of himself with a single quill.

The man who married a church choir singer says they met by chance.

Lawyers are men who work with a will. Doctors often put them in the way of it.

In America every man has a right to his own opinion, but nobody who has an opinion seems to recognize that right except as to himself.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Oh, dig a grave and bury deep
Those jokes that once were good.
With all the worn-out slangy words
We never understood.

—*Yankee Blade.*

Mrs. Younger—"I can't understand how women marry the second time."
Miss Arabella Winters—"I can't understand how they marry the first time."—*Epoch.*

Lady (horses running away)—"Dear, dear, dear, what will become of me?"
New Coachman (grimly)—"Madam, it depends on your past life. I'm all right."—*Ledger.*

Mrs. McCrackle—"How can Mr. Jimson be suffering from suastroke this time of the year?" McCrackle—"He was hit by his unfilial boy, Dick."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Hitherto Patient Boarder—"Mrs. Starrem, I can stand having hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince pie I draw the line."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

How many men each day you'll see—
Of such there is no dearth—
Whose only mission seems to be
To take up room on earth.

—*Washington Post.*

Minnie—"I heard that you are going to enter the lecture field." Mamie—"The idea! I am engaged to be married." Minnie—"Well, I knew it was something of the sort."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Mamma, there was the funniest looking artist at the kitchen door just now asking Becky for cold victuals." "How do you know he was an artist, Willie?" "He didn't have his hair combed."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mrs. Wickwire—"Of course I have my faults and failings, but you should be the last man to find them out." Mr. Wickwire—"Well, I suppose I am; but it is too late for the knowledge to be of any use to me."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Homely Old Maid (with a desire to throw off the fetters of tradition)—"Well, I'm going to give up dress-making and embrace the legal profession." Young Attorney (reaching for his hat)—"I beg your pardon, but I must be going."—*Washington Star.*

"I found, the other day, a drummer who had been on the road three years and had made only one sale," he said, as he leaned over the cigar case. Nobody believed him. "What did he sell?" asked the whisky drummer? "Suspension bridges."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A tramp halted at the house of a lady in the suburbs of a Texas city, and said to the lady of the house: "Please give a poor man, who is traveling and who is away from home, a trifle to pay his expenses?" "If you haven't got any money to pay your expenses, why do you travel? Why don't you stay home as I do?" replied the astonished female.—*Texas Siftings.*

What a Poor Child Thought.

A few days ago a young girl, beautiful in form, feature and dress, sat in a Madison avenue car. Directly opposite sat a poor child of about the same age, shabbily clothed, with a shambling body, slightly deformed as to the shoulders, and an exceedingly plain face which bore the lines of suffering and want. Her eager eyes were fixed on the face and figure opposite her with a devouring, pathetic look that showed how keenly alive she was to the exceeding beauty of a beautiful body. The object of the gaze began to grow uneasy under its intently and fixity, and finally, looking the girl coldly in the face, she leaned partly across the aisle and said: "Well, Miss Impertinence, if you have looked at me long enough, will you be kind enough to look somewhere else? I'm tired of it."

The poor child grew first red and then white. A look of keen pain came into her eyes, and then tears, as she turned away and said softly: "I was only thinking how beautiful you are."—*New York Sun.*

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

TURNIPS AMONG POTATOES.

In our experience the late crop of white turnips generally does better among potatoes than among corn. So soon as potato crops die the turnips have all the soil from which to draw, and they are rather benefited by the stirring of the soil required in digging potatoes by hand. If a horse potato digger is used, no turnips can be grown, as the digger necessarily upturns the entire soil, including turnips or whatever else may be growing on it.

PLUCKING LIVE GESE AND DUCKS.

Almost every year some one starts the theory that plucking geese and ducks while alive is necessarily a cruel business. It may be if done at the wrong time, which no experienced poultier would do. If left unplucked in spring, the feathers on geese and ducks naturally come out, or become so loose that they are pulled out by the birds themselves in making nests. At this season they can be pulled without any injury to the skin, and the birds feel all the better for their relief from superfluous clothing. New feathers come and are ready to pick easily in about six weeks. When cold weather comes on the feathers do not become loose until winter is past, and warm weather prepares for change of clothing.

MANURE FOR THE ORCHARD.

In disposing of the manure, the orchard should not be forgotten. The prevailing failures in growing fruit are due to neglect in this way more than to anything else. Fine fruit can only be grown from well-nourished, vigorous trees, and a fair allowance of manure spread around the trees, not close to the stems, but under the branches as far as they reach, will be returned in abundant yield, and the quality will be much improved. The constant growth of root and branch of a tree will exhaust the soil very quickly, and the first evidence of it will be given in the failure of the fruit. After this will come general weakness of the tree, stoppage of growth of wood, a crowd of suckers from the roots, and decay of the stem. A tree must be considered in the same light as a crop, and, as no crop is expected without manure, so the thrift of an orchard cannot reasonably be looked for unless it is manured at least as often as a cropped field is. Experience has proved abundantly that manure is indispensable for the production of fruit, and the best kind of it is insured by adequate feeding of the trees.—*New York Times.*

FEEDING HORSES.

An English veterinary surgeon recommends that those who have charge of horses, especially farm horses, should be taught that the stomach of a horse is not like the rumen of a cow, a mere receptacle for food, but an essential organ of digestion of limited capacity, which does not need to be crammed in order to perform its proper functions, and that it cannot be so treated without danger to the animal: that the teeth of the horse are provided for the purpose of masticating the food, and that the food which does not require mastication should be sparingly, if ever, used. He further recommends that no horse be put to work immediately after a full meal, and where a horse has done a heavy day's work it should be stand in the stable until it is cool and comfortable before being fed. A little water may be given, and if a little good hay be put into the rack it will occupy his attention, and beside requiring proper mastication will further have the effect to slightly stimulate the stomach to secretion, and to prepare it for the reception of the feed which is to follow. Should a horse require more food than usual to supply the extra waste of tissues caused by hard work, give it by all means, but let it be in excess in its albuminoids, and let the horse be fed oftener and not in increased quantities at a time.—*American Cultivator.*

CLEMATIS.

Too much cannot be said in favor of this popular climber. Indeed, next to the rose, it bids fair to become the popular plant of the day. Not only are its flowers unique in appearance, embracing a great variety of color, but they afford constant pleasure, the more so since, if different varieties are cultivated, one need not be without their bloom the entire season. It has also the merit of being entirely hardy, a rapid climber and most profuse bloomer. I have seen them, in the larger varieties, covered entirely by their mass of bloom, presenting a sight captivating in the extreme.

The colors embrace the most beautiful tints of blue, purple, lavender, scarlet and white. Some of the flowers in the larger blooming varieties being quite six inches or more in diameter and very showy. With careful training a strong plant will attain to a considerable height the first season, often covering an entire frame of trellis, and whether trained over lattice work or pillars or left trailing upon the ground, their large, star-shaped flowers are produced in the greatest numbers from the last of May to October. Old rock-beds are a capital place for this rapid climber, and several varieties planted together and clambering over the rough surface of the rocky heap will soon turn into a gorgeous mass of rich bloom.—*Vick's Magazine.*

PROPER FEEDING OF POULTRY.

Probably the worst of the many ill effects of soaking poultry food is that it enables the greedy fowl (fowls are al-

ways greedy) to hastily fill the crop, and so disintegrate it as to preclude possibility of its delivering its contents to the next organ, the gizzard, in suitable condition or proper quantity for healthful digestion. The strain on the crop impairs circulation, and its secretions, unable to perform their proper function upon the surcharged lump, accumulate and spend their force upon the now feverish and morbid coatings of the crop itself in much the same way that any other acrid foreign substance would. It is probable that the already fermenting contents of the crop have more or less "binding" influence, but they are not the sole nor most active agents. In the second place, the more water the food contains the less capacity it has for absorption of the animal secretions necessary to any healthy digestion. Examination of the contents of the crops and gizzards of fowls fed on the same kind of food, except that one receives it dry and moistens it in the natural way, and the other receives it in a soaked condition, no matter how much or little, will convince any intelligent person that it is worse than folly to wet food for fowls of any age, under any ordinary circumstances. The fowl does not chew its food and incorporate the saliva into it, as other animals do, but it practically accomplishes the same purpose in the manner in which it takes its drink. The mandibles of the fowls are in constant exercise when drinking, and drop by drop the liquid goes into the crop, prepared not only to moisten the food, but to mix with it a most important agent of digestion. Almost the only grain-food I have fed for many years has been a mixture, in varying proportions, of dry wheat-bran and cornmeal, and I have never had, since I adopted that practice, a sick or a poor fowl, old or young, and I have lost by death but two fowls in the last ten years, and they from well-known causes, having no relation whatever to this subject. My fowls have the dry, fine feed, and a supply of water beside them at all times, and eat and drink just when they please. When they show tendency to lay on too much fat, the proportion of cornmeal is reduced, and it is increased with severe weather, or under any other circumstances which make the heavier feed desirable.—*New York Tribune.*

SUCCESSFUL SHEEP RAISING.

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This experiment was so satisfactory that I determined to improve upon it, if possible, beginning to house my flock during all cold rainstorms in the fall, or snowstorms, if any came before the flock were put into winter quarters, taking care that their feeding racks were well filled with hay before the sheep were housed, thus getting the flock used to eating hay before they were confined in their winter quarters.

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Dr. Bird was a young and brilliant surgeon. One night while he was at work on an autopsy he cut himself by purest accident with the operating knife. Blood poisoning set in, and within twenty-four hours Dr. Bird was himself a corpse, the victim of the most revolting death that can overtake a human being.

The faculty believed thoroughly in vivisection as a means to a useful end. Once during every college year Dr. Curtis, Professor of Physiology, performs in the public clinic room of the college, an operation which is to be witnessed at no other medical school in the world. A living ox, the bigger the better, is brought into the room. The animal is propped up with his huge chest fronting the spectators. Then he is put under the influence of ether and Professor Curtis opens his chest, cutting away the skin and laying bare the heart. Bellows of great capacity fan the animal and enable it to breathe. The object is to display the living, beating heart in the very act of performing its normal functions. The lesson is the most valuable in the whole course of the student's training and the operation one of the most difficult in surgery. At the conclusion of his lecture Professor Curtis sews up those

parts of the ox's physical organism which he has previously cut away, the animal is permitted to come out of the coma induced by the etherization, and it is then led away and its wounds are suffered to heal. In the dozen times that Professor Curtis has performed the operation the ox has recovered and lived out its allotted span of life without permanent ill effects.—*New York Press.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A. S. Clough, of Prescott, Ariz., drives a team of mules that are thirty-three and thirty-five years old. They are still good workers.

Fook Toy was recently divorced from Fook Han at San Jose, Cal. This was the first Chinese divorce case on record in California.

A very small bird of South Africa is the Mahall weaver, but it lives in a very large house shaped like an oil flask, which it builds itself.

The authorities at West Point have grown tired of having soldiers' widows on the military reservation, and an order has been issued evicting them.

A Cadillac (Mich.) man owned a hen which got the grip a few days ago, sneezed violently for several hours and at last became insane, after which it died.

In Maine spruce gum now brings to the men who gather it from \$150 to \$180 a barrel, according to quality. A barrel weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds.

A Ridgeway (Penn.) physician, says that olive oil is an antidote for rattlesnake poison. Half a dozen tablespoonfuls are sufficient, he declares, to cure any case of snake bite.

The tailor bird makes its nest of long leaves, which it sews together with the fiber of a plant, first piercing the holes in them with its beak. The bottom of the nest has a heavy layer of cotton.

There is a lady living in Augusta, Me., who is in her seventies and is cutting a new set of teeth. Several months ago the gums became painful and in a short time the new teeth began to appear.

At Santa Cruz, Cal., during the flood, a little child gathered a small pile of wood, and for fear some one might take it went home and got a piece of paper and wrote on it: "This wood was got by me for grandma; please don't steal it."

At Brunn, Austria, burglars have circumvented the use of shutters for store windows by cutting a hole in the glass through the little round hole left in the shutter for ventilation, and then fishing for the valuables inside with a hook and line.

A resident of Massachusetts came near going through life with a name that would have made him miserable. The name was Lynn C. Doyle, and, strange to say, no one present at his baptism noticed the strange sound it made when pronounced.

Dr. Edward Goertz, a Somerville (N. Y.) dentist, was operating upon the teeth of a girl when she was suddenly seized with an epileptic fit and shut her teeth down on the dentist's fingers so firmly that the doctor was compelled to forcibly extricate the imprisoned members, lacerating them in a most painful manner.

Spoiled His Appetite.

He was a tall old man with sparsely settled whiskers that afforded ample play-ground for the wind, and he glided into a restaurant as though he had come straight from the Grand Central Station and was still a little dazed by the crowd and the noise. He selected a seat, ordered an oyster stew, and as he quietly awaited its coming, the door opened and a man of enormous height strolled in. The old man looked at the newcomer in complete amazement. He took in the copious proportions from sole to crown, and leaning over whispered:

"Waiter."

"Sir?"

"I calculate that man is seven foot high."

"Eight, sir."

"Gosh."

"Eight foot one, sir. Here's yer stew."

The old man had scarcely begun work upon his luncheon when a little creature not three feet high, but wearing a heavy mustache and plenty of jewelry, walked down the room, climbed into a chair and ordered chops and beer. The stew was neglected. With mouth open and eyes fairly popping out with wonder, the old man studied his new neighbor. At length the demands of the inner man were too clamorous to withstand, and the owner of the stew began the work of stowing it away. He had scarcely devoured two oysters, however, when there was another arrival. A middle-sized man came in. He had a countenance completely devoid of expression, hair and expression as white as snow, and pink eyes. A look of horror came over the old man's face, and his spoon felt into the stew with a splash.

"Geewhittaker," he exclaimed, "if the people of this New York is monstrosities like these, I calculate I can't get back to Sedus Point quick enough," and before cashier or waiters could stir, the old man shot out of the door into the street, leaving one mitten and the oyster stew mute evidence of his hasty departure.

"Jerry," said the cashier, with much annoyance, to a waiter, "go in and tell that museum feller next door that this business is getting all broke up, and we can't serve no more lunches to them freaks."—*New York Tribune.*

MAMMA'S GOOD-NIGHT.

Mamma takes off the baby's shoe,
And takes off each little sock and sock;
She softly brushes the golden hair,
And pats the shoulders, dimpled and bare;
She puts on the night-gown, white and long,
Humming the while an evening song:
"Daytime is over;
Playtime is closing;
Even the clover
Is nodding and dozing.
Baby's bed shall be soft and white,
Dear little baby, good-night! good-night!"
Mamma kisses the little pink feet,
And the tiny hands so dimpled and sweet,
The rosy cheeks, and the forehead white,
And the lips that prattle from morn till night;
With a last fond kiss for the golden crown
Gently and softly she lays him down
And in the hush that the twilight brings
She stands by her darling's bed and sings:
"Over the billow
Soft winds are sighing;
Round baby's pillow
Bright dreams are flying.
Here comes a pretty one, sure to alight?
Dear little one, good-night! good-night!"
—Eudora G. Bumstead.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Many a man has made a goose of himself with a single quill.
The man who married a church choir singer says they met by chants.
Lawyers are men who work with a will. Doctors often put them in the way of it.
In America every man has a right to his own opinion, but nobody who has an opinion seems to recognize that right except as to himself.—*Merchant Traveler*.
Oh, dig a grave and bury deep
Those jokes that once were good,
With all the worn-out slangy words
We never understood.
—*Yankee Blade*.
Mrs. Younger—"I can't understand how women marry the second time."
Miss Arabella Winters—"I can't understand how they marry the first time."
—*Epoch*.
Lady (horses running away)—"Dear, dear, dear, what will become of me?"
New Coachman (grimly)—"Madam, it depends on your past life. I'm all right."
—*Ledger*.
Mrs. McCrackle—"How can Mr. Jimson be suffering from sunstroke this time of the year?"
McCrackles—"He was hit by his unfillial boy, Dick."
—*Munsey's Weekly*.
Hitherto Patient Boarder—"Mrs. Starvem, I can stand having hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince pie I draw the line."
—*Harvard Lampoon*.
How many men each day you'll see—
Of such there is no dearth—
Whose only mission seems to be
To take up room on earth.
—*Washington Post*.
Minnie—"I heard that you are going to enter the lecture field." Annie—"The idea! I am engaged to be married." Minnie—"Well, I knew it was something of the sort."
—*Terre Haute Express*.
"Mamma, there was the funniest looking artist at the kitchen door just now asking Becky for cold victuals." "How do you know he was an artist, Willie?" "He didn't have his hair combed."
—*Chicago Tribune*.
Mrs. Wickwire—"Of course I have my faults and failings, but you should be the last man to find them out." Mr. Wickwire—"Well, I suppose I am; but it is too late for the knowledge to be of any use to me."
—*Terre Haute Express*.
Homely Old Maid (with a desire to throw off the fetters of tradition)—"Well, I'm going to give up dress-making and embrace the legal profession." Young Attorney (reaching for his hat)—"I beg your pardon, but I must be going."
—*Washington Star*.
"I found, the other day, a drummer who had been on the road three years and had made only one sale," he said, as he leaned over the cigar case. Nobody believed him. "What did he sell?" asked the whisky drummer? "Suspension bridges."
—*Atlanta Constitution*.
A tramp halted at the house of a lady in the suburbs of a Texas city, and said to the lady of the house: "Please give a poor man, who is traveling and who is away from home, a trifle to pay his expenses?" "If you haven't got any money to pay your expenses, why do you travel? Why don't you stay home as I do?" replied the astonished female.—*Texas Siftings*.

What a Poor Child Thought.

A few days ago a young girl, beautiful in form, feature and dress, sat in a Madison avenue car. Directly opposite sat a poor child of about the same age, shabbily clothed, with a shambling body, slightly deformed as to the shoulders, and an exceedingly plain face which bore the lines of suffering and want. Her eager eyes were fixed on the face and figure opposite her with a devouring, pathetic look that showed how keenly alive she was to the exceeding beauty of a beautiful body. The object of the gaze began to grow uneasy under its intently and fixity, and finally, looking the girl coldly in the face, she leaned partly across the aisle and said: "Well, Miss Impertinence, if you have looked at me long enough, will you be kind enough to look somewhere else? I'm tired of it."
The poor child grew first red and then white. A look of keen pain came into her eyes, and then tears, as she turned away and said softly: "I was only thinking how beautiful you are."
—*New York Sun*.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

TURNIPS AMONG POTATOES.

In our experience the late crop of white turnips generally does better among potatoes than among corn. So soon as potato crops die the turnips have all the soil from which to draw, and they are rather benefited by the stirring of the soil required in digging potatoes by hand. If a horse potato digger is used, no turnips can be grown, as the digger necessarily upturns the entire soil, including turnips or whatever else may be growing on it.

PLUCKING LIVE GESE AND DUCKS.

Almost every year some one starts the theory that plucking geese and ducks while alive is necessarily a cruel business. It may be if done at the wrong time, which no experienced poulterer would do. If left unplucked in spring, the feathers on geese and ducks naturally come out, or become so loose that they are pulled out by the birds themselves in making nests. At this season they can be pulled without any injury to the skin, and the birds feel all the better for their relief from superfluous clothing. New feathers come and are ready to pick easily in about six weeks. When cold weather comes on the feathers do not become loose until winter is past, and warm weather prepares for change of clothing.

MANURE FOR THE ORCHARD.

In disposing of the manure, the orchard should not be forgotten. The prevailing failures in growing fruit are due to neglect in this way more than to anything else. Fine fruit can only be grown from well-nourished, vigorous trees, and a fair allowance of manure spread around the trees, not close to the stems, but under the branches as far as they reach, will be returned in abundant yield, and the quality will be much improved. The constant growth of root and branch of a tree will exhaust the soil very quickly, and the first evidence of it will be given in the failure of the fruit. After this will come general weakness of the tree, stoppage of growth of wood, a crowd of suckers from the roots, and decay of the stem. A tree must be considered in the same light as a crop, and, as no crop is expected without manure, so the thrift of an orchard cannot reasonably be looked for unless it is manured at least as often as a cropped field is. Experience has proved abundantly that manure is indispensable for the production of fruit, and the best kind of it is insured by adequate feeding of the trees.—*New York Times*.

FEEDING HORSES.

An English veterinary surgeon recommends that those who have charge of horses, especially farm horses, should be taught that the stomach of a horse is not like the rumen of a cow, a mere receptacle for food, but an essential organ of digestion of limited capacity, which does not need to be crammed in order to perform its proper functions, and that it cannot be so treated without danger to the animal; that the teeth of the horse are provided for the purpose of masticating the food, and that the food which does not require mastication should be sparingly, if ever, used. He further recommends that no horse be put to work immediately after a full meal, and where a horse has done a heavy day's work it should be stand in the stable until it is cool and comfortable before being fed. A little water may be given, and if a little good hay be put into the rack it will occupy his attention, and beside requiring proper mastication will further have the effect to slightly stimulate the stomach to secretion, and to prepare it for the reception of the feed which is to follow. Should a horse require more food than usual to supply the extra waste of tissues caused by hard work, give it by all means, but let it be in excess in its albuminoids, and let the horse be fed often and not in increased quantities at a time.—*American Cultivator*.

CLEMATIS.

Too much cannot be said in favor of this popular climber. Indeed, next to the rose, it bids fair to become the popular plant of the day. Not only are its flowers unique in appearance, embracing a great variety of color, but they afford constant pleasure, the more so since, if different varieties are cultivated, one need not be without their bloom the entire season. It has also the merit of being entirely hardy, a rapid climber and most profuse bloomer. I have seen them, in the larger varieties, covered entirely by their mass of bloom, presenting a sight captivating in the extreme. The colors embrace the most beautiful tints of blue, purple, lavender, scarlet and white. Some of the flowers in the larger blooming varieties being quite six inches or more in diameter and very showy. With careful training a strong plant will attain to a considerable height the first season, often covering an entire frame of trellis, and whether trained over lattice work or pillars or left trailing upon the ground, their large, star-shaped flowers are produced in the greatest numbers from the last of May to October. Old rock-beds are a capital place for this rapid climber, and several varieties planted together and clambering over the rough surface of the rocky heap will soon turn into a gorgeous mass of rich bloom.—*Vick's Magazine*.

PROPER FEEDING OF POULTRY.

Probably the worst of the many ill effects of soaking poultry food is that it enables the greedy fowl (fowls are al-

ways greedy) to hastily fill the crop, and so disintegrate its contents to the next organ, the gizzard, in suitable condition or proper quantity for healthful digestion. The strain on the crop impairs circulation, and its secretions, unable to perform their proper function upon the surcharged lump, accumulate and spend their force upon the now feverish and morbid coatings of the crop itself in much the same way that any other acid foreign substance would. It is probable that the already fermenting contents of the crop have more or less "binding" influence, but they are not the sole nor most active agents. In the second place, the more water the food contains the less capacity it has for absorption of the animal secretions necessary to any healthy digestion. Examination of the contents of the crops and gizzards of fowls fed on the same kind of food, except that one receives it dry and moistens it in the natural way, and the other receives it in a soaked condition, no matter how much or little, will convince any intelligent person that it is worse than folly to wet food for fowls of any age, under any ordinary circumstances. The fowl does not chew its food and incorporate the saliva into it, as other animals do, but it practically accomplishes the same purpose in the manner in which it takes its drink. The mandibles of the fowls are in constant exercise when drinking, and drop by drop the liquid goes into the crop, prepared not only to moisten the food, but to mix with it a most important agent of digestion. Almost the only grain-food I have fed for many years has been a mixture, in varying proportions, of dry wheat-bran and cornmeal, and I have never had, since I adopted that practice, a sick or a poor fowl, old or young, and I have lost by death but two fowls in the last ten years, and they from well-known causes, having no relation whatever to this subject. My fowls have the dry, fine feed, and a supply of water beside them at all times, and eat and drink just when they please. When they show tendency to lay on too much fat, the proportion of cornmeal is reduced, and it is increased with severe weather, or under any other circumstances which make the heavier feed desirable.—*New York Tribune*.

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Dr. Bird was a young and brilliant surgeon. One night while he was at work on an autopsy he cut himself by purest accident with the operating knife. Blood poisoning set in, and within twenty-four hours Dr. Bird was himself a corpse, the victim of the most revolting death that can overtake a human being.

The faculty believed thoroughly in vivisection as a means to a useful end. Once during every college year Dr. Curtis, Professor of Physiology, performs in the public clinic room of the college, an operation which is to be witnessed at no other medical school in the world. A living ox, the bigger the better, is brought into the room. The animal is propped up with his huge chest fronting the spectators. Then he is put under the influence of ether and Professor Curtis opens his chest, cutting away the skin and aying bare the heart. Bellows of great capacity fan the animal and enable it to breathe. The object is to display the living, beating heart in the very act of performing its normal functions. The lesson is the most valuable in the whole course of the student's training and the operation one of the most difficult in surgery. At the conclusion of his lecture Professor Curtis sews up those

parts of the ox's physical organism which he has previously cut away, the animal is permitted to come out of the coma induced by the etherization, and it is then led away and its wounds are suffered to heal. In the dozen times that Professor Curtis has performed the operation the ox has recovered and lived out its allotted span of life without permanent ill effects.—*New York Press*.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A. S. Clough, of Prescott, Ariz., drives a team of mules that are thirty-three and thirty-five years old. They are still good workers.

Fook Toy was recently divorced from Fook Han at San Jose, Cal. This was the first Chinese divorce case on record in California.

A very small bird of South Africa is the Mahall weaver, but it lives in a very large house shaped like an oil flask, which it builds itself.

The authorities at West Point have grown tired of having soldiers' widows on the military reservation, and an order has been issued evicting them.

A Cadillac (Mich.) man owned a hen which got the grip a few days ago, sneezed violently for several hours and at last became insane, after which it died.

In Maine spruce gum now brings to the men who gather it from \$150 to \$180 a barrel, according to quality. A barrel weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds.

A Ridgeway (Penn.) physician, says that olive oil is an antidote for rattlesnake poison. Half a dozen tablespoonfuls are sufficient, he declares, to cure any case of snake bite.

The tailor bird makes its nest of long leaves, which it sews together with the fiber of a plant, first piercing the holes in them with its beak. The bottom of the nest has a heavy layer of cotton.

There is a lady living in Augusta, Me., who is in her seventies and is cutting a new set of teeth. Several months ago the gums became painful and in a short time the new teeth began to appear.

At Santa Cruz, Cal., during the flood, a little child gathered a small pile of wood, and for fear some one might take it went home and got a piece of paper and wrote on it: "This wood was got by me for grandma; please don't steal it."

At Bruenn, Austria, burglars have circumvented the use of shutters for store windows by cutting a hole in the glass through the little round hole left in the shutter for ventilation, and then fishing for the valuables inside with a hook and line.

A resident of Massachusetts came near going through life with a name that would have made him miserable. The name was Lynn C. Doyle, and, strange to say, no one present at his baptism noticed the strange sound it made when pronounced.

Dr. Edward Goertz, a Somerville (N. Y.) dentist, was operating upon the teeth of a girl when she was suddenly seized with an epileptic fit and shut her teeth down on the dentist's fingers so firmly that the doctor was compelled to forcibly extricate the imprisoned members, lacerating them in a most painful manner.

Spolled His Appetite.

He was a tall old man with sparsely settled whiskers that afforded ample play-ground for the wind, and he glided into a restaurant as though he had come straight from the Grand Central Station and was still a little dazed by the crowd and the noise. He selected a seat, ordered an oyster stew, and as he quietly awaited its coming, the door opened and a man of enormous height strolled in. The old man looked at the newcomer in complete amazement. He took in the copious proportions from sole to crown, and leaning over whispered:

"Waiter."
"Sir?"
"I calculate that man is seven foot high."

"Eight, sir."
"Gosh."
"Eight foot one, sir. Here's yer stew." The old man had scarcely begun work upon his luncheon when a little creature not three feet high, but wearing a heavy mustache and plenty of jewelry, walked down the room, climbed into a chair and ordered chops and beer. The stew was neglected. With mouth open and eyes fairly popping out with wonder, the old man studied his new neighbor. At length the demands of the inner man were too clamorous to withstand, and the owner of the stew began the work of stowing it away. He had scarcely devoured two oysters, however, when there was another arrival. A middle-sized man came in. He had a countenance completely devoid of expression, hair and expression as white as snow, and pink eyes. A look of horror came over the old man's face, and his spoon felt into the stew with a splash.

"Gee-whittaker," he exclaimed, "if the people of this New York is monstrosities like these, I calculate I can't get back to Sedus Point quick enough," and before cashier or waiters could stir, the old man shot out of the door into the street, leaving one mitten and the oyster stew mute evidence of his hasty departure.

"Jerry," said the cashier, with much annoyance, to a waiter, "go in and tell that museum feller next door that this business is getting all broke up, and we can't serve no more lunches to them freaks."
—*New York Tribune*.

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Brodbeck's Machine & Phosphate WAREHOUSES

Are the largest and most extensive in Hanover, where Farming Implements are kept in stock upon a large scale.

A great variety of all classes of Implements, such as Binders, Harvesters, Mowers, Drills, Cultivators, Harrows, Plows, Hay Rakes, &c. In fact anything in the farmers' line is kept here. Having purchased the large Agricultural Warehouse formerly owned and occupied by E. A. Trimmer, I am now better prepared to show my implements upon a more extensive scale. Farm Wagons and nearly all the different machines and repairs formerly sold by E. A. Trimmer, can be had by calling at my office.

REPAIRS

A very large stock of repairs for all the leading machines always on hand, and arrangements are made to furnish repairs on short notice for any not in stock.

PHOSPHATE

Special Brands for Spring Crops. About 15 different brands always on hand. Prices as low as the lowest, and cannot be undersold. Call at office or address.

A. R. Brodbeck,

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Office, Carlisle and Railroad Sts., Hanover.

JOHN DUTTERA, Salesman.

Brodbeck's Special Brands of Phosphate for sale in New Oxford by Z. H. CASHMAN, and at Round Hill by HENRY RAFFENSPERGER.

DRUG —AND— JEWELRY STORE!

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J. W. DICKS

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Pure Drugs,

Medicines,

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Patent Medicines,

Toilet Articles,

Choice Perfumery,

Fancy Goods,

Fine Stationery,

Notions, &c.,

Cigars & Tobacco,

Choice Wines and Liquors,

for medical use only.

Careful Preparation of Prescriptions our specialty.

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., for Sale. Repairing done, and work guaranteed. All goods in either department warranted as represented.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCADE, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Without injurious medication.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Ho! For Easter.

Fine Confirmation Suits at \$6, worth \$10.

All our Men's and Boys' fine Worsted Suits, sold at prices so low you never heard of, 30 per cent. less than any other clothing store sells them for.

D. MYERS' The Reliable CLOTHIER.

Andw. Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HANOVER, Pa.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,

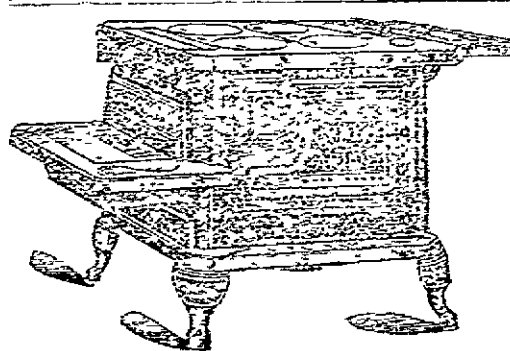
CETTYSSBURG, PA.

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Linoleums,
Rugs,
Lace Curtains,
Serims,
Window Shades,
Poles,
Chains, &c.
Table Covers,
Lambrequins,
Tidies,
Fringes, &c.

We ask an inspection of an unusually large line of goods in this department. Have placed a salesman in charge who understands his business and who will give you the very closest prices and best attention. The entire enlarged 2nd floor is devoted to this department.

THE LEADERS

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GEO. H. HEPLER,

Dealer in

STOVES, HEATERS, RANGES, FURNACES, &c.

will, from now until the 15th day of April, sell stoves cheaper than any other dealer in the county.

Also, a full line of BEST TINWARE, cheaper than the cheapest.

ROOFING and SPOUTING a specialty. Call and see.

Carlisle Street New Oxford.

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John H. Nau

Littlestown, Pa., for your

TOMBSTONES

As my business has been greatly increased on account of my cheap and substantial work, I have been compelled to get additional hands who are killed in fine work. I am at all times prepared to furnish the most beautiful

Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills, &c., at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., and Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my prices and work to be all persons making purchases from me. Call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free of charge. Yards on Frederick street, Littlestown, Pa.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Salary and Expenses paid or commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age, THE G. L. VAN DUSEN NURSERY Co., Geneva, N. Y.

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Mind wandering cured. Books learned in two weeks. Take notes from all parts of the globe. Free postage paid. Send 10¢ to Prof. J. H. Nau, Littlestown, Pa.

Do by all Means,

come and see our \$1.50 Ladies' Fine Dongola Button Shoes. They are worth at least \$2.25. We have them on D and E last. A FANCY VASE given in the bargain. Come early and get your choice, as they are selling fast.

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A great variety of all classes of Implements, such as Jinders, Harrows, Mowers, Drills, Cultivators, Harrows, Plows, and Rakes, &c. In fact anything in the farmers' line is kept here. Having purchased the large Agricultural Warehouse formerly owned and occupied by E. A. Trimmer, I am now better prepared to show my implements upon a more extensive scale. Farm Wagons and nearly all the different machines and repairs formerly sold by E. A. Trimmer, can be had by calling at my office.

REPAIRS.

A very large stock of repairs for all the leading machines always on hand, and arrangements are made to furnish repairs on short notice for any not in stock.

PHOSPHATE.

Special Brands for Spring Crops. About 15 different brands always on hand. Prices as low as the lowest, and cannot be undersold. Call at office or address.

A. R. Brodbeck, or D. M. Frey, Office, Carlisle and Railroad Sts., Hanover. JOHN DUTTERA, Salesman.

Brodbeck's Special Brands of Phosphate for sale in New Oxford by Z. H. CASHMAN, and at Round Hill by HENRY RAFFENSPERGER.



DRUG

—AND—

JEWELRY STORE!

N. E. Cor. Diamond, New Oxford.

-J. W. DICKS-

—DEALER IN—

Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Choice Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Fine Stationery, Notions, &c., Cigars & Tobacco, Choice Wines and Liquors, for medical use only. Careful Preparation of Prescriptions our specialty.

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., for Sale. Repairing done, and work guaranteed. All goods in either department warranted as represented.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ANCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 189 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Ho! For Easter.

Fine Confirmation Suits at \$6, worth \$10.

All our Men's and Boys' fine Worsted Suits, sold at prices so low you never heard of, 30 per cent. less than any other clothing store sells them for.

D. MYERS' The Reliable CLOTHIER.

Andw. Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HANOVER, Pa.

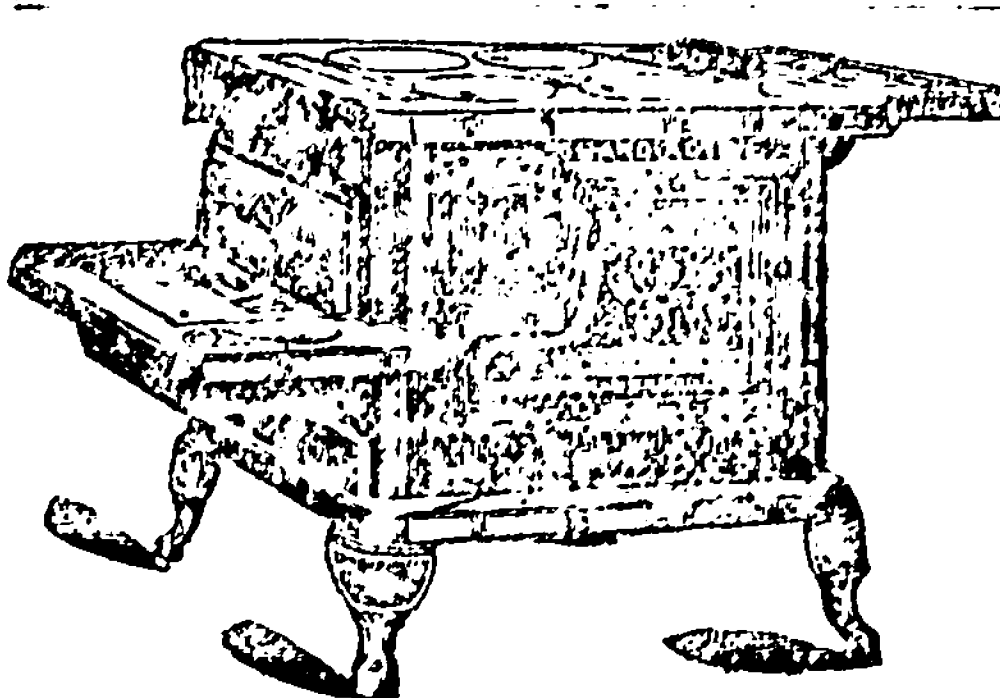
G. W. WEAVER & SON, CETTYSBURG, PA.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Rugs, Lace Curtains, Serims, Window Shades, Poles, Chains, &c. Table Covers, Lambrequins, Tidies, Fringes, &c.

We ask an inspection of an unusually large line of goods in this department. Have placed a salesman in charge who understands his business and who will give you the very closest prices and best attention. The entire enlarged 2nd floor is devoted to this department.

THE LEADERSHIP

G. W. WEAVER & SON.



GEO. H. HEPLER,

Dealer in

STOVES, HEATERS, RANGES, FURNACES, &c.

will, from now until the 15th day of April, sell stoves cheaper than any other dealer in the county.

Also, a full line of BEST TINWARE, cheaper than the cheapest.

Roofing and Spouting a specialty. Call and see.

Carlisle Street New Oxford.

John H. Nau Littlestown, Pa., for your TOMBSTONES

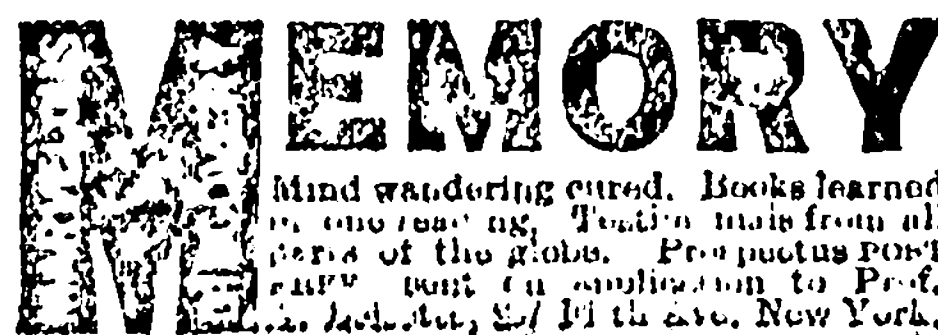
As my business has been greatly increased on account of my cheap and substantial work, I have been compelled to get additional hands who are killed in fine work. I am at all times prepared to furnish the most beautiful

Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills, &c., at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., and Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my prices and work to equal persons making purchases from me. Call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free of charge. Yards on Frederick street, Littlestown, Pa.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Salary and Expenses paid or commission if preferred. Success wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age, THE O. L. VAN DUSEN NURSERY CO., Geneva, N. Y.



Kind wandering cured. Books learned in one week. Teaching made from all parts of the globe. Prospectus sent free. Write to J. H. Nau, Littlestown, Pa.

Do by all Means,

come and see our \$1.50 Ladies' Fine Dongola Button Shoes. They are worth at least \$2.25. We have them on D and E last. A FANCY VASE given in the bargain. Come early and get your choice, as they are selling fast

D. MYERS

At Andw Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand Broadway, Hanover, Pa.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

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J. W. Orcutt, agent for the Monitor Combination Slat and Wire Fence made an assault on Mr. Wm. Leader, senior proprietor of the Hanover Spectator on last Thursday morning. The Spectator and printed several articles attacking the business as a swindle and he adopted that method of obtaining satisfaction. No great damage was done either party. Orcutt was held in \$300 bail for appearance at court.

The assessment for 1890 will now soon be made—the month of April being the time in which the work must be done. The assessors this year will have extra work to perform, because of this being census year. For statistical purposes it will be necessary to designate every voter, whether colored or white. Then under the act of May 16th 1890, an assessment will have to be made of all dogs. This will be hard to do and will necessitate the carrying of a shooting iron, we suppose, as whenever a dog is found and no man claims him. This will be hard on the dogs but a joy to the traveler.

FROM THE NATION'S CAPITOL.—Mr. A. N. Hazen, Washington, D. C., says famous Red Flag Oil is a perfect family medicine and has no equal for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Cuts, Burns and all bodily pains. Price 25 Cents.

Consumption, are you troubled with this terrible disease, if so take healthy exercise, live in open air, use Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure, and be cured, don't delay. Price 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

Our public schools closed a successful seven months term Tuesday. The Principal, Prof. J. Louis Sowers and his wife will open a Summer school in the building, as will, also, Miss Dora Gilbert.

An exchange says the latest swindle is carried on by means of a double fountain pen, one end is filled with good and substantial ink, and the other with ink that will fade away in a day or two. The sharper writes his argument, contract, or whatever particular lay he may have chosen, with the ink that fades, and has his victim sign with the ink that lasts. In a few days he has a slip of paper with nothing on but a good signature, over which he writes any sort of a note that he can easiest turn into cash. Look out for the fountain pen swindler, for he is dangerous.

A mortgage is by common consent considered the best security. It is good for twenty years, whereas a judgment is good for only five years. When judgments are taken frequent renewals become necessary, which cost more than the original entries, besides endangering the safety of the lien whenever the day on which they run out is forgotten. No debtor or widow of deceased debtor can claim the three hundred dollar exemption law against a mortgage. Against a judgment they can, the Supreme Court having decided that the widow of a deceased debtor is entitled to the three hundred dollar law against a judgment, even when the husband waived it during his life time.

High Water—Narrow Escape.

The Star says: On Friday last, Mr. George Warner and his son John, of Gettysburg, started with horse and wagon for the country to buy some hogs. In attempting to cross Rock creek at Lott's fording about four miles below town, on the Tawneytown road, they made a narrow escape from drowning. The creek was very high, owing to the rain of the night previous, and before getting far from the bank the water covered the horse. In trying to turn, the wagon upset and both of the occupants were thrown out. John, who is an expert swimmer, tried to detach the horse, but failed. He then swam ashore and helped to save his father. George floated down the stream and was rescued by a rope, a full quarter of a mile below the scene of the accident. The current was so strong that fifteen dollars which were in his pocket were washed out, and a ring was torn from his finger. The horse was drowned and it with the wagon, was found a long distance down the stream.

The loss is a severe one and George has the sympathy of the community.

From East Berlin.

Michael Shaeffer has opened an eating saloon in the basement of Geiselman's store room.

Friday afternoon Abram Serf attempted to drive across Beaver creek with his cream wagon. Finding the water too deep to cross he turned around in the stream and on coming out he was minus one milk can and his gum blanket. The water was over the backs of his horses at times.

Mrs. George Kauffman made a narrow escape from what might have been a serious accident one morning last week. While passing the horse stable door with two pails full of milk, one of the horses that was let out to water, came running out the door, and not seeing her attempted to jump over her. She was thrown to the ground and considerably bruised.

Luther Geiselman, removed from Hampton to this place last week, and has opened a dry goods and grocery store.

J. S. Swartz will open a cigar factory here, and will give employment to about ten hands.

Hon. A. W. Storm died very suddenly here on Saturday evening. He was about in the morning, shaved himself, greased his buggy, etc., to meet an engagement somewhere in the afternoon. About 9 o'clock he complained of not feeling well and lay on the lounge. His daughter, living here in town, came to see him in the afternoon, but thinking that there was nothing serious returned home. At about 4 o'clock his wife, noticing him growing weaker, called in one of her neighbors, but he died before a physician could be summoned. Deceased represented this county in the State Legislature a term; filled the office of Justice of the Peace for many years; served as Secretary of the Berlin Branch Railroad Company until his death, and was long actively identified with the Directory of the Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company. His age is given at 63 years. His remains were interred in the Paradise cemetery Tuesday morning.

Fine Music.

Easter morning the Catholic church was crowded to its utmost capacity by members of the congregation and others to participate in the services and hear the Paradise choir render the programme as published in the Item last week. The Mass sung is a very difficult one, but nevertheless it was rendered with an ease and smoothness that would do credit to vocalists of greater pretensions. The Offertory, Diabelli's Gaudeamus, was especially well rendered, so much so that Rev. Father Mandalari requested a repetition of it before the sermon, immediately after Mass. Prof. S. Noel, the organist, will be the regular organist in the church hereafter.

Sudden Death.

Mr. J. M. Heinzelman of Cashtown, died very suddenly Monday morning from heart affections. He had been suffering from nervous prostration, but has been convalescent for some time. Monday morning about 8 o'clock after eating a hearty breakfast and doing some work about the barn, he told his daughter that he felt unwell and asked her to help him to bed. In doing so he fell, a physician was sent for but too late, the spark had fled before his arrival. During the late war he was a member of Co. B, of the 21st Pa. Cav. He was about 50 years of age and leaves a wife and three daughters.

Littlestown's Effort.

Littlestown is making an effort to form a company for the manufacture of milling and agricultural machinery. Mr. H. J. Gulden, of Bendersville, has made a proposition to the citizens and it is desired to raise \$10,000 to \$15,000 capital stock for the company, and machine shops. Mr. Gulden proposes to take \$500 worth of stock himself. We understand considerable progress has been made and the committee in charge feels encouraged.

The First of April.

The first of April was quiet in Gettysburg, although a great deal of business was transacted. At the Register's office, thirty-six mortgages and seventy-four deeds were left to be recorded from the 18th of March, about ten in excess of last year. In the Prothonotary's office up to Saturday evening four hundred and twenty-eight judgments were entered as against three hundred and fifty-nine last year.

Both the Gettysburg and First National Bank handled large sums of money. The receipts and expenditures at the former were \$600,000—a large increase over last year; at the latter \$535,017.75, also a large increase. Money was easy, due the cashiers said to the policy of the banks discounting paper before the first; so that debtors could easily meet their obligations. All good paper was eagerly discounted.—Star.

Squire Durboraw's Loss.

On the first of April Squire I. N. Durboraw, of Mt. Joy township, was to have paid over a large sum of trust money. He had been collecting it for some time and kept it in a bureau drawer in the house. Monday night he was awakened about twelve o'clock by a sound occasioned by the opening or shutting of a drawer. He sprang out of bed, went to the bureau and found the lower drawers slightly open but the one containing the money shut. He did not sleep the remainder of the night. In the morning when he went to get the money he found that \$982 was taken from a \$1,000 pile. Near this was another pile of \$1,000 and his pocket book containing a large sum which was not disturbed. It is supposed that the thief heard the Squire descend and grabbed the above amount before making his escape. It is supposed that the thief secreted himself somewhere in the house or cellar during the evening, for no forcible entry was made so far as could be discovered. The party who took the money was one who evidently knew the Squire's business and was familiar with the house. His detection therefore, should not be such a difficult job.

Monday morning a deed transferring all the real estate of I. N. Durboraw and wife to George W. Hartman, his bondsman, was filed in the Recorder's office. Executions to the amount of \$1060 in favor of George W. Hartman was issued the same morning. This step we presume was necessitated by the above loss. The Squire's misfortune is regretted by his many friends.

Rev. W. C. Wire, of Littlestown, was stricken to unconsciousness by heart trouble one day last week and remained in a critical condition for some time. He is slowly recovering.

Rev. Frederick W. Benedict, who recently died at Bedford, made the College and Seminary at Gettysburg residuary legatees in his will. The amount is estimated at from five to seven thousand dollars, which the testator directs shall be used for the education of young men for the ministry.

The Deed Did Not Pass.

The deed for the McClellan House did not pass on the first of April. The property had been purchased by its present proprietor Mr. Simon J. Diller at the administrators' sale last fall for \$15,500, ten per cent of the purchase money being paid at that time. The balance was to have been paid and the deed delivered on Tuesday. Simon tendered the money and the administrators the deed, but the deed did not meet with his approval, hence the difficulty. The trouble is about a strip of land thirty feet wide belonging to the lot on which the W. M. R. R. depot stands. This lot was part of the late Col. McClellan's estate, the Railway company having but an easement therein. Mr. Diller insisted that this lot of ground should be included in his deed, or at least that Col. McClellan's interest in the lot should be granted to him. This the administrators refused to do, and the difficulty will be adjusted in the Courts.—Star.

Our Public Schools.

Following is the report of our public schools for the month ending April 3:

School No. 1, J. Louis Sowers, teacher.—No. enrolled 29, average attendance 21, percentage of attendance 88; No. tardy 14, excused 9, unexcused 5; No. absent 25, excused 5, unexcused 20; cause of absence, none given. Visits by patrons and others 7. Pupils present every day,—Maud Cashman, Ervin J. Diehl, May Gilbert, Lily Leffevre; Geo. A. Livingstone missed ½ day. Ervin Diehl present every day during the term. May J. Gilbert and Chas. Hersh were not tardy during the term.

Report of No. 2 not yet handed in. School No. 3, Mrs. Sowers, teacher. No. enrolled 23, average attendance 20, percentage of attendance 88; No. tardy 4, unexcused 4; cause of absence, sickness, work, &c. Visits by patrons and others 3. Pupils present every day,—Willie Arbogast, Cora Byers, Edith Byers, Curvin Diehl, Iva Lough, Mark Miller, Charles Myers, Willie Mowery, Bettie Smith; Gertie Taughnbaugh missed but ½ day. Cora and Edith Byers, Mark Miller, Charles Myers, and Bettie Smith did not miss any time during the entire term.

Last Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Henry Burck, aged about forty years, a farmer residing about 1½ miles south of Cross Roads, York county, committed suicide by hanging himself in his bed room, with a rope attached to a clothes hook fastened in the wall. He had eaten a hearty supper and went upstairs, as Mrs. Burck supposed to take a nap. Hearing a strange noise Mrs. Burck sent her little daughter up, but the child could not get into the room. Mrs. Burck then went up and was terribly shocked to find that her husband had hanged himself; she immediately cut him down, but too late to save his life.

Sunday evening week while Michael Shaeffer and wife, of East Berlin, were out of their house some one broke a window pane and threw a lighted rag that was saturated with coal oil into the room. A hole burned in the carpet was the only damage done.

The little daughter of R. C. Cassidy, of Littlestown, was recently bitten in the face by a dog belonging to a neighbor.

FOR SALE.—A good Oven and Fixtures. Inquire of MARTIN HELTZEL, New Oxford.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—You can get, until the 30th day of April, FIFTEEN good Cabinet Photos, whole form, for \$1.00; 12 fine Cabinet Photos, head and shoulders, for \$1, at Harman's, York Springs, Pa. Take advantage of this great offer.

NOTICE!—The undersigned hereby gives notice that One Horse, Two Cows, One Heifer and One Bull, now in possession of Ephraim Elitz, Straban township, Adams county, Pa., belong to him, and all persons are notified not to in any way deal or bargain for the same. BENJAMIN EICKHOLTZ.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

WE are requested to announce Mr. HENRY J. HELMER, of Mount Pleasant township, as a candidate for COUNTY COMMISSIONER, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. Apalite.

25,000 Carpenters now use our SAW FILE to file all kinds of saws so that they will cut better than ever. Price, \$2.50. Circulars and prices to agents. Address, E. ROTH & BROS., Hagerstown, Md. New Oxford, Pa.

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The Western Maryland Railroad Company have a force of hands at work at present repairing the overhead bridge on High street. Tuesday morning the Town Council held a special meeting to take steps to have the R. R. Co., to make the bridge as wide as the street and lower it, if possible, to the grade of the street.

Mr. Dull, an aged gentleman, living with his son Lewis near Bendersville, while out walking last Monday, fell on the road, bruising himself very much, especially about the face from which he bled profusely. It is supposed he had a slight attack of paralysis from which he is slowly recovering.

J. W. Orcutt, agent for the Monitor Combination Slat and Wire Fence made an assault on Mr. Wm. Leader, senior proprietor of the Hanover Spectator on last Thursday morning. The Spectator and printed several articles attacking the business as a swindle and he adopted that method of obtaining satisfaction. No great damage was done either party. Orcutt was held in \$300 bail for appearance at court.

The assessment for 1890 will now soon be made—the month of April being the time in which the work must be done. The assessors this year will have extra work to perform, because of this being census year. For statistical purposes it will be necessary to designate every voter, whether colored or white. Then under the act of May 16th 1890, an assessment will have to be made of all dogs. This will be hard to do and will necessitate the carrying of a shooting iron, we suppose, as whenever a dog is found and no man claims him. This will be hard on the dogs but a joy to the traveler.

FROM THE NATION'S CAPITOL.—Mr. A. N. Hazen, Washington, D. C., says famous Red Flag Oil is a perfect family medicine and has no equal for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Cuts, Burns and all bodily pains. Price 25 Cents.

Consumption, are you troubled with this terrible disease, if so take healthy exercise, live in open air, use Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure, and be cured, don't delay. Price 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

Our public schools closed a successful seven months term Tuesday. The Principal, Prof. J. Louis Sowers and his wife will open a Summer school in the building, as will, also, Miss Dora Gilbert.

An exchange says the latest swindle is carried on by means of a double fountain pen, one end is filled with good and substantial ink, and the other with ink that will fade away in a day or two. The sharper writes his argument, contract, or whatever particular lay he may have chosen, with the ink that fades, and has his victim sign with the ink that lasts. In a few days he has a slip of paper with nothing on but a good signature, over which he writes any sort of a note that he can easiest turn into cash. Look out for the fountain pen swindler, for he is dangerous.

A mortgage is by common consent considered the best security. It is good for twenty years, whereas a judgment is good for only five years. When judgments are taken frequent renewals become necessary, which cost more than the original entries, besides endangering the safety of the lien whenever the day on which they run out is forgotten. No debtor or widow of deceased debtor can claim the three hundred dollar exemption law against a mortgage. Against a judgment they can, the Supreme Court having decided that the widow of a deceased debtor is entitled to the three hundred dollar law against a judgment, even when the husband waived it during his life time.

High Water—Narrow Escape.

The Star says: On Friday last, Mr. George Warner and his son John, of Gettysburg, started with horse and wagon for the country to buy some hogs. In attempting to cross Rock creek at Lott's fording about four miles below town, on the Tawneytown road, they made a narrow escape from drowning. The creek was very high, owing to the rain of the night previous, and before getting far from the bank the water covered the horse. In trying to turn, the wagon upset and both of the occupants were thrown out. John, who is an expert swimmer, tried to detach the horse, but failed. He then swam ashore and helped to save his father. George floated down the stream and was rescued by a rope, a full quarter of a mile below the scene of the accident. The current was so strong that fifteen dollars which were in his pocket were washed out, and a ring was torn from his finger. The horse was drowned and it with the wagon, was found a long distance down the stream.

The loss is a severe one and George has the sympathy of the community.

From East Berlin.

Michael Shaeffer has opened an eating saloon in the basement of Geiselman's store room.

Friday afternoon Abram Serf attempted to drive across Beaver creek with his cream wagon. Finding the water too deep to cross he turned around in the stream and on coming out he was minus one milk can and his gum blanket. The water was over the backs of his horses at times.

Mrs. George Kauffman made a narrow escape from what might have been a serious accident one morning last week. While passing the horse stable door with two pails full of milk, one of the horses that was let out to water, came running out the door, and not seeing her attempted to jump over her. She was thrown to the ground and considerably bruised.

Luther Geiselman, removed from Hampton to this place last week, and has opened a dry goods and grocery store.

J. S. Swartz will open a cigar factory here, and will give employment to about ten hands.

Hon. A. W. Storm died very suddenly here on Saturday evening. He was about in the morning, shaved himself, greased his buggy, etc., to meet an engagement somewhere in the afternoon. About 9 o'clock he complained of not feeling well and lay on the lounge. His daughter, living here in town, came to see him in the afternoon, but thinking that there was nothing serious returned home. At about 4 o'clock his wife, noticing him growing weaker, called in one of her neighbors, but he died before a physician could be summoned. Deceased represented this county in the State Legislature a term; filled the office of Justice of the Peace for many years; served as Secretary of the Berlin Branch Railroad Company until his death, and was long actively identified with the Directory of the Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company. His age is given at 63 years. His remains were interred in the Paradise cemetery Tuesday morning.

Fine Music.

Easter morning the Catholic church was crowded to its utmost capacity by members of the congregation and others to participate in the services and hear the Paradise choir render the programme as published in the Item last week. The Mass sung is a very difficult one, but nevertheless it was rendered with an ease and smoothness that would do credit to vocalists of greater pretensions. The Offertory, Diabelli's Gaudemus, was especially well rendered, so much so that Rev. Father Mandalari requested a repetition of it before the sermon, immediately after Mass. Prof. S. Noel, the organist, will be the regular organist in the church hereafter.

Sudden Death.

Mr. J. M. Heinzelman of Cashtown, died very suddenly Monday morning from heart affections. He had been suffering from nervous prostration, but has been convalescent for some time. Monday morning about 8 o'clock after eating a hearty breakfast and doing some work about the barn, he told his daughter that he felt unwell and asked her to help him to bed. In doing so he fell, a physician was sent for but too late, the spark had fled before his arrival. During the late war he was a member of Co. B, of the 21st Pa. Cav. He was about 50 years of age and leaves a wife and three daughters.

Littlestown's Effort.

Littlestown is making an effort to form a company for the manufacture of milling and agricultural machinery. Mr. H. J. Gulden, of Bendersville, has made a proposition to the citizens and it is desired to raise \$10,000 to \$15,000 capital stock for the company, and machine shops. Mr. Gulden proposes to take \$500 worth of stock himself. We understand considerable progress has been made and the committee in charge feels encouraged.

The First of April.

The first of April was quiet in Gettysburg, although a great deal of business was transacted. At the Register's office, thirty-six mortgages and seventy-four deeds were left to be recorded from the 18th of March, about ten in excess of last year. In the Prothonotary's office up to Saturday evening four hundred and twenty-eight judgments were entered as against three hundred and fifty-nine last year.

Both the Gettysburg and First National Bank handled large sums of money. The receipts and expenditures at the former were \$600,000—a large increase over last year; at the latter \$535,017.73, also a large increase. Money was easy, due the cashiers said to the policy of the banks discounting paper before the first; so that debtors could easily meet their obligations. All good paper was eagerly discounted.—Star.

Squire Durboraw's Loss.

On the first of April Squire I. N. Durboraw, of Mt. Joy township, was to have paid over a large sum of trust money. He had been collecting it for some time and kept it in a bureau drawer in the house. Monday night he was awakened about twelve o'clock by a sound occasioned by the opening or shutting of a drawer. He sprang out of bed, went to the bureau and found the lower drawers slightly open but the one containing the money shut. He did not sleep the remainder of the night. In the morning when he went to get the money he found that \$982 was taken from a \$1,000 pile. Near this was another pile of \$1,000 and his pocket book containing a large sum which was not disturbed. It is supposed that the thief heard the Squire descend and grabbed the above amount before making his escape. It is supposed that the thief secreted himself somewhere in the house or cellar during the evening, for no forcible entry was made so far as could be discovered. The party who took the money was one who evidently knew the Squire's business and was familiar with the house. His detection therefore, should not be such a difficult job.

Monday morning a deed transferring all the real estate of I. N. Durboraw and wife to George W. Hartman, his bondsman, was filed in the Recorder's office. Executions to the amount of \$1060 in favor of George W. Hartman was issued the same morning. This step we presume was necessitated by the above loss. The Squire's misfortune is regretted by his many friends.

Rev. W. C. Wire, of Littlestown, was stricken to unconsciousness by heart trouble one day last week and remained in a critical condition for some time. He is slowly recovering.

More Bequests.

Rev. Frederick W. Benedict, who recently died at Bedford, made the College and Seminary at Gettysburg residuary legatees in his will. The amount is estimated at from five to seven thousand dollars, which the testator directs shall be used for the education of young men for the ministry.

The Dead Did Not Pass.

The deed for the McClellan House did not pass on the first of April. The property had been purchased by its present proprietor Mr. Simon J. Diller at the administrators' sale last fall for \$15,500, ten per cent of the purchase money being paid at that time. The balance was to have been paid and the deed delivered on Tuesday. Simon tendered the money and the administrators the deed, but the deed did not meet with his approval, hence the difficulty. The trouble is about a strip of land thirty feet wide belonging to the lot on which the W. M. R. R. depot stands. This lot was part of the late Col. McClellan's estate, the Railway company having but an easement therein. Mr. Diller insisted that this lot of ground should be included in his deed, or at least that Col. McClellan's interest in the lot should be granted to him. This the administrators refused to do, and the difficulty will be adjusted in the Courts.—Star.

Our Public Schools.

Following is the report of our public schools for the month ending April 8:

School No. 1, J. Louis Sowers, teacher.—No. enrolled 29, average attendance 21, percentage of attendance 88; No. tardy 14, excused 9, unexcused 5; No. absent 25, excused 5, unexcused 20; cause of absence, none given. Visits by patrons and others 7. Pupils present every day,—Maud Cashman, Ervin J. Diehl, May Gilbert, Lily Leferre; Geo. A. Livingstone missed ½ day. Ervin Diehl present every day during the term. May J. Gilbert and Chas. Hersh were not tardy during the term.

Report of No. 2 not yet handed in. School No. 3, Mrs. Sowers, teacher. No. enrolled 23, average attendance 20, percentage of attendance 88; No. tardy 4, unexcused 4; cause of absence, sickness, work, &c. Visits by patrons and others 3. Pupils present every day,—Willie Arbogast, Cora Byers, Edith Byers, Curvin Diehl, Iva Lough, Mark Miller, Charles Myers, Willie Mowery, Bettie Smith; Gertie Taughinbaugh missed but ½ day. Cora and Edith Byers, Mark Miller, Charles Myers, and Bettie Smith did not miss any time during the entire term.

Last Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Henry Burck, aged about forty years, a farmer residing about 1½ miles south of Cross Roads, York county, committed suicide by hanging himself in his bed room, with a rope attached to a clothes hook fastened in the wall. He had eaten a hearty supper and went upstairs, as Mrs. Burck supposed to take a nap. Hearing a strange noise Mrs. Burck sent her little daughter up, but the child could not get into the room. Mrs. Burck then went up and was terribly shocked to find that her husband had hanged himself; she immediately cut him down, but too late to save his life.

Sunday evening week while Michael Shaeffer and wife, of East Berlin, were out of their house some one broke a window pane and threw a lighted rag that was saturated with coal oil into the room. A hole burned in the carpet was the only damage done.

The little daughter of R. C. Cassidy, of Littlestown, was recently bitten in the face by a dog belonging to a neighbor.

FOR SALE.—A good Oven and Fixtures. Inquire of MARTIN HELTZEL, New Oxford.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—You can get, until the 30th day of April, FIFTEEN good Cabinet Photos, whole form, for \$1.00; 12 fine Cabinet Photos, head and shoulders, for \$1, at Harman's, York Springs, Pa. Take advantage of this great offer.

NOTICE.—The undersigned hereby gives notice that One Horse, Two Cows, One Heifer and One Bull, now in possession of Ephraim Eitz, Strasburg township, Adams county, Pa., belong to him, and all persons are notified not to in any way deal or bargain for the same. BENJAMIN EICHOLTZ.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

WE are requested to announce Mr. HENRY J. HEMLER, of Mount Pleasant township, as a candidate for COUNTY COMMISSIONER, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. Apr. 11th.

25,000 Carpenters now how use our SAW FILE to file the saws. It will cut better than ever. \$2.50. Circulars and prices to agents. A. J. DRESS, E. R. 414 & BIRK, New Oxford, Pa.

All the country from Cape Colony to the Zambesi River, and from the Portuguese colonies on the East to the German possessions on the West, is to be controlled by a British South African Company. The territory is three times the size of Great Britain. It will be called Zambesia.

The Czar possesses forty-four uniforms, one of which he has never worn, viz.: that of the Russian Field Marshal. Although he is Commander-in-Chief of the army, the Russian ruler has, the continental story goes, vowed to never wear the insignia of a Field Marshal until this grade shall have been conferred upon him by his brother Field Marshals after a victorious battle.

J. H. Brown, of Savannah, N. Y., claims that he is the youngest living Federal soldier who served in the late war. He enlisted when he was thirteen years old, he says, with Company E, Eleventh New York Volunteers, at Auburn. He has a letter from the Secretary of War stating that he is entitled to the fifty-dollar prize offer a year ago for the youngest living soldier.

The New York Tribune regards the talk of a division of the State in which Southern California editors are now indulging as being largely rubbish. In the opinion of that paper "a two-thirds majority of the Legislature can never be secured for such a project, because most of the wealth and influence is in the northern and central countries, and the representative men of these sections would no more consent to split up California than New Yorkers would agree to the division of their State. Sectional jealousy exists, but it is largely due to the fact that the northern and central countries have shown that they can produce good oranges and lemons, whereas the southern countries claim a monopoly in raising citrus fruits."

The criminal classes bear the highest proportion to the population in Italy. From statistics recently published in that country, it would appear that murders are committed in Italy three times oftener than in Austria, four times oftener than in Prussia, five times oftener than in Sweden, fourteen times oftener than in Denmark, and sixteen times oftener than in Great Britain and Ireland. Crime has also unfortunately been increasing instead of decreasing in Italy of late years. Of the foreign countries which stand favorably in a comparison of the criminal classes with the population may be mentioned: Russia, where they number 12 in each 10,000; Portugal, 16 per 10,000; Norway, 15 per 10,000; while Sweden appears to be a very law-abiding country, the persons convicted in 1885 being only 4 per 10,000 of the population.

The recent announcement that the Federal Government printing office is engaged in printing 20,000,000 population schedules for the use of the census bureau gives but a faint idea of the enormous amount of printing required for the enumeration to take place in June. Stationery Clerk Ketcham estimates that the stationery already ordered would fill a room three blocks long, thirty feet high, and forty feet wide. In addition to the population schedules now being printed, 10,000,000 more have been ordered. This will require 200 tons of paper, which was delivered at the rate of 30,000 pounds a day. Twenty million blanks for statements of recorded indebtedness will be required, 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 manufacturers' schedules, and 2,000,000 agricultural schedules. These blanks are all about 9x11 inches in size. Six hundred different kinds of circulars have already been printed, the average number of copies of each being about 20,000, or in round numbers 12,000,000 miscellaneous forms. Besides the printed matter, millions of sheets of other paper are needed, one single order being for 100,000,000 blank cards for the use of the electrical tabulating machine. By the use of this machine it is thought that a saving of three-fourths of the expense of computing the returns received from the supervisors and enumerators will be secured. A part of this stationery will be sent through the mails, and for that purpose 5,000,000 free delivery envelopes have been ordered. These figures give, Mr. Ketcham says, only the amount of preliminary printing ordered. When the census is being taken and the returns are being computed much additional printed matter will be used, and the printed census records will consume more paper than is required, both to get ready for and take the census.

When you grasp the hand of fortune,
And lightly step along,
The hours glide on like the numbers
Of a heart cheering song.
Your pathway is lined with faces
Where smiles and pleasure blend,
All the world will offer service
When you don't need a friend.
You may sneer at fair discretion,
When solid at the base;
Your rudeness is mere pleasantry
And quite the thing for rank.
Men will thrust upon you favors
And fawn and condescend
Till you wonder at your kinship,
When you don't need a friend.

They will shout your name in meeting,
And vote you into fame.
They will load your board with presents
Of bric-a-brac and game.
They will strain themselves in showing
What kindness they intend.
When sunshine floods your atmosphere
And you don't need a friend.

But wait and note how comical
This self-same world can be,
When the sun throws not your shadow,
And your hopes go to sea.
You may have heard the cucumber
Has arctic chills to lend—
Well, the world drops under zero
When you do need a friend.
—William Lyle, in Detroit Free Press.

A POOR RELATION.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"There's Aunt Eunice comin', mother. On her way home from the funeral, I guess."

Mrs. Pond was frying doughnuts at the kitchen stove, her dress turned up in front, and a big blue gingham apron covering it. She turned around when Emmeline spoke, and went to the window, the long-handled iron fork she had been using still in her hand. Emmeline was hem-stitching a bureau scarf, but she had laid it down to look out.

A little old woman in a black calico dress, a rusty black shawl, and an old straw bonnet was coming down the country road. Her scanty skirts flapped in the wind, and her face was purple with the cold. The bare hands holding the shawl together were purple too. She nodded to Emmeline when she reached the gate, but did not smile. Her stiff fingers fumbled with the latch of the gate some time before she could get it open, and the old shawl blew away from her bent shoulders; but she did not look at Emmeline again.

Emmeline put the bureau scarf on the window-seat, and went to open the kitchen door. She didn't know exactly why she did it; she had never been expected to show Aunt Eunice any attention. The old woman was only a distant relative, called aunt through courtesy.

"Jest back from Mis' Jenkins's funeral, ain't ye?" said Mrs. Pond, holding the colander over to the kettle on the stove, and dropping the crisp dough-nuts into it one by one as she picked them with the long fork from the boiling lard. "I expect there was a good many there."

Aunt Eunice shook her head. She had taken a seat near the stove, and had turned the front of her dress up over her knees that the blaze might not fade it. Emmeline could see her coarse gray yarn stockings and worn shoes. One of the shoes was laced with a piece of brown twine.

"Well, she never was any hand to make friends, so she couldn't really expect much of a funeral," said Mrs. Pond. "Who's goin' ter take the house?"

"Sam Tarbox; he's movin' in now." "You'll stay right along with them, I s'pose? 'Twouldn't seem like home ter ye nowhere else, ye lived with Mis' Jenkins so long."

The old woman drew a long breath that was almost a sigh. "They ain't got room for me," she said, slowly. "There's eight children."

An expression of annoyance crossed Mrs. Pond's face. Her lips tightened in a way they had whenever she was vexed.

"Seem 's if Mis' Jenkins oughter left you somethin', bein' as you'd lived with her so long," she said, presently.

"She didn't hev nothin' ter leave—only the furniture. Tim Jenkins, he took that; the team come for it jest as the funeral was a-movin' out."

"Well, I s'pose you've looked out for another place?" said Mrs. Pond. She had fried the last of the dough-nuts, and was taking the kettle from the stove.

The old woman did not answer immediately. Her faded blue eyes were staring straight before her at the shining stove; her brown, knotted hands were outstretched to the friendly warmth. There was a tremulous movement of her lower lip for a moment before she spoke.

"Yes, I've been round," she said; "but 'tain't so easy gettin' a place when a body gets old; 'n' I've worked so hard all my life, I'm kinder wore out. And I'm laid up considerable with the rheumatiz too, off 'a' on."

"Still, ye got a place, I s'pose?" "Mis' Saunders, she said she'd take me. She won't give no wages, though, 'n' I'd hev ter do the milkin'."

She spoke in a slow, lifeless voice, as if tired out. Emmeline, looking at her, thought what a sorry thing it was to be old and friendless and poor.

"Mis' Saunders!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't live with her for fifty dollars a month 'n' do nothing. Folks say you can hear her scold a mile off; 'n' she's never satisfied, no matter what's done

for her. That's the reason she can't keep help; they just won't stay to be quarreled at. You'd have an awful hard time there, Aunt Eunice."

"Most everything's hard—for some folks," said old Eunice, after a pause. "An' it's either Mis' Saunders's or Silas Howes's place."

Again Mrs. Pond's lips tightened. She paused in her work of washing the sink to look around at the old woman by the stove.

"Then let it be Mis' Saunders," she said. "Anything's better'n the poor house, seems ter me."

"I ain't settled on nothin' yet," said old Eunice, rising stiffly.

"Goin'?" inquired Mrs. Pond.

"Yes; I just stopped by ter warm. It's kinder blustery out, 'n' I got chilled through."

"There!" said Mrs. Pond, as the door closed on the old woman, and her footsteps were heard in the crunching snow of the path around the house. "I declare! I never offered Aunt Eunice a nut cake."

"I guess she wouldn't have cared for it," said Emmeline. "It's awful—ain't it, mother?—to think of her going to the poor-house?"

"That's the worst o' poor relations," said Mrs. Pond, a little irritably. "You never know what they're goin' ter do. Aunt Eunice didn't manage right. She had enough 'n' to spare twenty years ago; but she let that Sam Nettlesby swindle her out of it, 'n' then she hed ter go out ter service. She uster be a master-hand ter work, but now she's old 'n' wore out, folks don't want her. She did well enough for Mis' Jenkins—just the two of 'em 'n' that small house—but she won't last six months if she goes to Mis' Saunders's."

"Seems strange some folks should have so much, 'n' other folks so little," said Emmeline, musingly, as she took up the bureau scarf again. "Now here we have more rooms than we know what to do with, 'n' there's Aunt Eunice with no home at all."

"That's the way with life," rejoined her mother, as she wrung out the dish-cloth, hung it on a nail over the sink, and then left the room. She came back again presently with her thick cloak on, and a black worsted hood in her hand. "I'm goin' over ter see Mis' Hall," she said. "I want ter get her ter show me about that stitch for the border of my bed-spread. I won't be gone long."

When she was outside the gate, in the road, she turned round and looked back at the house a moment. It was a large red brick house, with a wide porch in front, and rooms on both sides of the hall. There were evergreen trees in the front yard, and a graveled walk led down to the gate. Along the fence was a row of lilac bushes. People always said that Mrs. Pond hadn't anything to complain of about her house, and she thought so herself. It gave her pleasure to look back at it now, thinking of old Eunice and the poor-house. What a comfortable feeling it gave one to have a settled home!

Mrs. Hall lived in a brown frame house nearly a mile away. There was a large yard in front, and two children were racing around in the snow. When they saw Mrs. Pond coming they ran to the gate and climbed up on it. One was a stout, rosy-cheeked boy about ten years old; the other a little girl, whose perpetual smile and vacant eyes told their own story to all who looked at her. Both children got down from the gate when Mrs. Pond stopped before it.

"Ma's in the kitchen," said the boy. "You can go round that way," pointing to a brick walk leading around the side of the house.

A thin, delicate-looking girl of about thirteen years of age opened the kitchen door in answer to Mrs. Pond's knock. Mrs. Hall was sitting in a chair by the fire, rocking a child which had just fallen asleep. There were traces of tears on his chubby cheeks, and a sob escaped his lips at regular intervals.

"What child is that?" asked Mrs. Pond, taking the chair the little girl brought forward for her.

"It's little Benny Price; his mother died yesterday," answered Mrs. Hall.

"You mean the woman who went out sewing in Long Centre?"

"Yes."

"You haven't taken him, I hope?"

"Yes, I have."

"Not to raise?"

"Yes."

"Eliza Hall!"

"There wasn't any one else to take him. They were goin' to send him to the poor-house. Think of it! Such a pretty little fellow too. Mrs. Price didn't have any relations except an aunt over in West Peabody, an' she's an old maid, 'n' can't endure children. She said out 'n' out she wouldn't take the child. So I just picked him up this morning and brought him over here."

"As if you didn't have enough a'-ready!"

"Oh, he won't be in the way; he can play round with Ned and Sissy. It's about as easy to take care of half a dozen as one."

"That's what you said when you took Lizzie and Sissy."

"Oh, Lizzie's a real help"—with an affectionate look at the girl, who was washing some pans at the sink. "I couldn't get along without her now. And Ned couldn't get along without Sissy. He can't bear her out of his sight, 'n' he's as fond of her as if she was really his own sister."

"Well, there's Jake, too."

Mrs. Hall laughed. She had a thin, sawly face which had never been pretty;

but when she laughed she showed a set of perfect teeth.

"Mr. Hall would be just lost if he didn't have Jake," she said. "He says Jake belongs to him. He's got so big now we don't have to hire a man at all. Jake's just the best boy, too."

"And you really mean ter keep this child?"

"Of course I do. Why, I love him already. It's because he's so little and helpless, I guess."

"He'll cost you a sight. Boys are awful hard on clothes."

"Oh, we'll manage to fix up somehow. I ain't goin' to worry none about that," and Mrs. Hall bent to kiss the flushed face on her breast.

"What does Mr. Hall say?"

"About takin' Benny? Oh, he's willing. He's as fond of children as I am. He said it was a shame to talk o' sendin' a child like this to Howes's. I'm glad his mother didn't hear any talk of it. She'd been just wild. But she was in a kind of stupor from the first."

"I s'pose you couldn't show me about that stitch for my bed-spread this afternoon?"

"Why, of course I could! What's to hinder? Lizzie, you bring my work-basket out that top drawer in the table in the west room. I guess I'll lay Benny right here on the lounge; he's good for an hour's sleep yet, poor little soul!"

Mrs. Pond learned the stitch she wanted in a very few minutes, but it was not of her crocheted bed-spread she was thinking as she walked homeward half an hour later. It was of something that lent a brighter look than usual to her still comely face.

"I've finished that bureau scarf at last, mother," said Emmeline, as her mother came in. "I've sat right here by this window ever since you've been gone."

To her surprise her mother made no reply, but, passing through the kitchen, went up stairs. Emmeline heard her moving around energetically in the room overhead. She seemed to be pushing heavy pieces of furniture from one side of the room to the other. She was up there nearly an hour. When she came down she had a little blue curtain in one hand.

"I wish you'd run a string in this top hem, Emmy," she said. "You've got your sewing things handy."

"What you goin' to do with it?" Mrs. Pond did not answer, but went to open the door for her husband, who had a harness in his arms.

"Did Emmy tell you about Aunt Eunice, Joseph?" she asked, as he came in.

"Yes, she was tellin' me."

"If ye ain't got nothin' against it, I calculate ter give her that south chamber. It ain't no use to us, 'n' Aunt Eunice would be real handy to have round if I want to go away for a spell next summer."

Joseph Bond smiled and gave a side glance at his daughter. Emmeline was smiling too.

"Do jest as ye like, mother," he said.

"Well, then, Emmy, you put on your things, 'n' run down to Jenkins's 'n' see if Aunt Eunice is there. Bring her back with ye."

Emmeline ran quickly upstairs for her hood and shawl. On her way back she stopped in the south chamber. It was very plainly but comfortably furnished, and the bed was made and a fire burned in the open grate.

"Gracious!" said Emmeline, as she looked around the room. "Mother does beat all." She glanced out of the window in the lower hall as she went by. A sudden light sprang to her eyes. "There's Aunt Eunice now, goin' down the road, mother," she said, running into the kitchen.

"You run after her."

When the little old woman was ushered in by the triumphant Emmeline a few minutes later, Mrs. Pond took her upstairs at once.

"I hope you'll like your room, Aunt Eunice," she said, as she opened the door of the south chamber.

Aunt Eunice looked around from the comfortable feather-bed to the bright fire, from the neatly curtained windows to the goat-skin rug before the bureau. On the bureau was the scarf she had seen Emmeline stitching.

She sat down in the rocker and put her hand over her eyes. She didn't say a word.

Mrs. Pond went out softly. On her way she tripped over a bundle by the door. It contained all the old woman's earthly possessions.

"I'm glad enough I asked her to come," thought Mrs. Pond, as she closed the door.

Then she heard a voice from the room: "Thank God! Thank God!" and the sound of stifled sobbing.

Down stairs Emmeline was helping her father oil the harness. "I can't think what's come over ma," she said.

"Kush! there she is," said her father. "Don't you ever ask her."—Harper's Bazar.

A Tame Owl.

W. A. Merryday, of Palatka, Fla., has an owl that is as tame as his store cat. All day long it rests on the rafters overhead in the grain-room. The cat and owl have formed a strong attachment for each other, and it is not an unusual sight for the cat to go off and return with a rat for his owlship. In return for the kindness the owl will take its paw and scratch the cat's back, when pussy will purr and rub up against the owl's feathers, both looking perfectly happy all the while.

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DYEING OF GARMENTS.

Pure colors upon garments can be obtained only when the material is first perfectly cleansed. For this purpose brush the stains with a lukewarm, strong solution of soda, then work for half an hour in a solution of medium concentration, rinse well and lay down for several hours, preferably over night, in warm water. For bright colors, such as red, bordeaux, etc., boil the goods in water, in order to remove any trace of alkali from them, which is necessary for a good dye. To neutralize any remaining lye by acids is an erroneous notion, because it dulls the colors and shows the fades after dyeing. The less acid is used in dyeing, the better are the shades covered.—*Courier-Journal*.

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Chicken Pie.—Singe and parboil a pair of chickens, cut them up and cook till quite tender. Uncover when nearly done and let the water boil away till reduced one-half. Line a large, deep pan with biscuit dough made very short and rolled about an inch thick, and put in the chicken cut into finer pieces, with butter, salt, pepper, a dredging of flour, and their own gravy. Cover and bake till the upper crust is brown. Serve with mashed potato and cranberry sauce.

Green Pea Soup.—Shell three pounds of young, freshly gathered peas and cook in a large saucepan. At the same time have the well washed pods boiling in a quart of water in another saucepan. At the end of half an hour strain the water off the pods into the vessel containing the peas. Add a pint of sweet milk and a cup of rich cream and one or two pilot crackers broken into bits. When the soup comes to a boil season with salt, pepper and a small lump of butter.

Mutton Stew.—To make a palatable dish out of the neck piece of mutton, cut the meat into pieces about two inches square; put a tablespoonful of fat into a kettle; when hot put in the meat, a level teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper, cover closely, stir often so it will not burn. In twenty minutes it should be nicely browned. Pour over the meat a quart of boiling water, put on a tight cover and place the kettle where the water will just simmer, not boil, for two hours. Thicken the gravy and serve hot.

All the country from Cape Colony to the Zambesi River, and from the Portuguese colonies on the East to the German possessions on the West, is to be controlled by a British South African Company. The territory is three times the size of Great Britain. It will be called Zambesia.

The Czar possesses forty-four uniforms, one of which he has never worn, viz.: that of the Russian Field Marshal. Although he is Commander-in-Chief of the army, the Russian ruler has, the continental story goes, vowed to never wear the insignia of a Field Marshal until this grade shall have been conferred upon him by his brother Field Marshals after a victorious battle.

J. H. Brown, of Savannah, N. Y., claims that he is the youngest living Federal soldier who served in the late war. He enlisted when he was thirteen years old, he says, with Company E, Eleventh New York Volunteers, at Auburn. He has a letter from the Secretary of War stating that he is entitled to the fifty-dollar prize offer a year ago for the youngest living soldier.

The New York Tribune regards the talk of a division of the State in which Southern California editors are now indulging as being largely rubbish. In the opinion of that paper "a two-thirds majority of the Legislature can never be secured for such a project, because most of the wealth and influence is in the northern and central countries, and the representative men of these sections would no more consent to split up California than New Yorkers would agree to the division of their State. Sectional jealousy exists, but it is largely due to the fact that the northern and central countries have shown that they can produce good oranges and lemons, whereas the southern countries claim a monopoly in raising citrus fruits."

The criminal classes bear the highest proportion to the population in Italy. From statistics recently published in that country, it would appear that murders are committed in Italy three times oftener than in Austria, four times oftener than in Prussia, five times oftener than in Sweden, fourteen times oftener than in Denmark, and sixteen times oftener than in Great Britain and Ireland. Crime has also unfortunately been increasing instead of decreasing in Italy of late years. Of the foreign countries which stand favorably in a comparison of the criminal classes with the population may be mentioned: Russia, where they number 12 in each 10,000; Portugal, 16 per 10,000; Norway, 15 per 10,000; while Sweden appears to be a very law-abiding country, the persons convicted in 1885 being only 4 per 10,000 of the population.

The recent announcement that the Federal Government printing office is engaged in printing 20,000,000 population schedules for the use of the census bureau gives but a faint idea of the enormous amount of printing required for the enumeration to take place in June. Stationery Clerk Ketcham estimates that the stationery already ordered would fill a room three blocks long, thirty feet high, and forty feet wide. In addition to the population schedules now being printed, 10,000,000 more have been ordered. This will require 200 tons of paper, which was delivered at the rate of 30,000 pounds a day. Twenty million blanks for statements of recorded indebtedness will be required, 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 manufacturers' schedules, and 2,000,000 agricultural schedules. These blanks are all about 9x11 inches in size. Six hundred different kinds of circulars have already been printed, the average number of copies of each being about 20,000, or in round numbers 12,000,000 miscellaneous forms. Besides the printed matter, millions of sheets of other paper are needed, one single order being for 100,000,000 blank cards for the use of the electrical tabulating machine. By the use of this machine it is thought that a saving of three-fourths of the expense of computing the returns received from the supervisors and enumerators will be secured. A part of this stationery will be rough the mails, and for that purpose 5,000,000 free delivery envelopes have been ordered. These figures give, Mr. Ketcham says, only the amount of preliminary printing ordered. When the census is being taken and the returns are being computed much additional printed matter will be used, and the printed census records will consume more paper than is required, both to get ready for and take the census.

JUST HOW IT IS.

When you grasp the hand of fortune,
And lightly step along,
The hours glide on like the numbers
Of a heart cheering song.
Your pathway is lined with faces
Where smiles and pleasure blend,
All the world will offer service
When you don't need a friend.

You may sneer at fair discretion,
When solid at the ban.

Your rudeness is mere plesantry;
And quite the thing for rank.
Men will thrust upon you favors
And fawn and condescend
Till you wonder at your kinship,
When you don't need a friend.

They will shout your name in meeting,
And vote you into fame.
They will load your board with presents
Of bric-a-brac and game.

They will strain themselves in showing
What kindness they intend,
When sunshine floods your atmosphere
And you don't need a friend.

But wait and note how comical
This self same world can be,
When the sun throws not your shadow,
And your hopes go to sea.
You may have heard the cucumber
Has arctic chills to lend—
Well, the world drops under zero
When you do need a friend.

—William Lyle, in Detroit Free Press.

A POOR RELATION.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"There's Aunt Eunice comin', mother. On her way home from the funeral, I guess."

Mrs. Pond was frying doughnuts at the kitchen stove, her dress turned up in front, and a big blue gingham apron covering it. She turned around when Emmeline spoke, and went to the window, the long-handled iron fork she had been using still in her hand. Emmeline was hem-stitching a bureau scarf, but she had laid it down to look out.

A little old woman in a black calico dress, a rusty black shawl, and an old straw bonnet was coming down the country road. Her scanty skirts flapped in the wind, and her face was purple with the cold. The bare hands holding the shawl together were purple too. She nodded to Emmeline when she reached the gate, but did not smile. Her stiff fingers fumbled with the latch of the gate some time before she could get it open, and the old shawl blew away from her bent shoulders; but she did not look at Emmeline again.

Emmeline put the bureau scarf on the window-seat, and went to open the kitchen door. She didn't know exactly why she did it; she had never been expected to show Aunt Eunice any attention. The old woman was only a distant relative, called aunt through courtesy.

"Just back from Mis' Jenkins's funeral, ain't ye?" said Mrs. Pond, holding the colander over to the kettle on the stove, and dropping the crisp dough-nuts into it one by one as she picked them with the long fork from the boiling lard. "I expect there was a good many there."

Aunt Eunice shook her head. She had taken a seat near the stove, and had turned the front of her dress up over her knees that the blaze might not fade it. Emmeline could see her coarse gray yarn stockings and worn shoes. One of the shoes was laced with a piece of brown twine.

"Well, she never was any hand to make friends, so she couldn't really expect much of a funeral," said Mrs. Pond. "Who's goin' ter take the house?"

"Sam Tarbox; he's movin' in now." "You'll stay right along with them, I s'pose? 'Twouldn't seem like home ter ye nowhere else, ye lived with Mis' Jenkins so long."

The old woman drew a long breath that was almost a sigh. "They ain't got room for me," she said, slowly. "There's eight children."

An expression of annoyance crossed Mrs. Pond's face. Her lips tightened in a way they had whenever she was vexed. "Seem 's if Mis' Jenkins oughter left you somethin', bein' as you'd lived with her so long," she said, presently.

"She didn't hev nothin' ter leave—only the furnitoo. Tim Jenkins, he took that; the team come for it jest as the funeral was a-movin' out."

"Well, I s'pose you've looked out for another place?" said Mrs. Pond. She had fried the last of the dough-nuts, and was taking the kettle from the stove.

The old woman did not answer immediately. Her faded blue eyes were staring straight before her at the shining stove; her brown, knotted hands were outstretched to the friendly warmth. There was a tremulous movement of her lower lip for a moment before she spoke.

"Yes, I've been round," she said; "but 'twain't so easy gettin' a place when a body gets old; 'n' I've worked so hard all my life, I'm kinder wore out. And I'm laid up consid'ble with the rheumatiz too, off 'n' on."

"Still, ye got a place, I s'pose?" "Mis' Saunders, she said she'd take me. She won't give no wages, though, 'n' I'd hev ter do the milkin'."

She spoke in a slow, lifeless voice, as if tired out. Emmeline, looking at her, thought what a sorry thing it was to be old and friendless and poor.

"Mis' Saunders!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't live with her for fifty dollars a month 'n' do nothing. Folks say you can hear her scold a mile off; 'n' she's never satisfied, no matter what's done

for her. That's the reason she can't keep help; they just won't stay to be quarreled at. You'd have an awful hard time there, Aunt Eunice."

"Most everything's hard—for some folks," said old Eunice, after a pause. "'Au' it's either Mis' Saunders's or Silas Howes's place."

Again Mrs. Pond's lips tightened. She paused in her work of washing the sink to look around at the old woman by the stove.

"Then let it be Mis' Saunders," she said. "Anything's better'n the poor house, seems ter me."

"I ain't settled on nothin' yit," said old Eunice, rising stiffly.

"Goin'?" inquired Mrs. Pond.

"Yes; I jist stopped by ter warn. It's kinder blustery out, 'n' I got chilled through."

"There!" said Mrs. Pond, as the door closed on the old woman, and her footsteps were heard in the crunching snow of the path around the house. "I declare! I never offered Aunt Eunice a nut cake."

"I guess she wouldn't have cared for it," said Emmeline. "It's awful—ain't it, mother?—to think of her going to the poor-house?"

"That's the worst o' poor relations," said Mrs. Pond, a little irritably. "You never know what they're goin' ter do. Aunt Eunice didn't manage right. She had enough 'n' to spare twenty years ago; but she let that Sam Nettleby swindle her out of it, 'n' then she hed ter go out ter service. She uster be a master-hand ter work, but now she's old 'n' wore out, folks don't want her. She did well enough for Mis' Jenkins—just the two of 'em 'n' that small house—but she won't last six months if she goes to Mis' Saunders's."

"Seems strange some folks should have so much, 'n' other folks so little," said Emmeline, musingly, as she took up the bureau scarf again. "Now here we have more rooms than we know what to do with, 'n' there's Aunt Eunice with no home at all."

"That's the way with life," rejoined her mother, as she wrung out the dish-cloth, hung it on a nail over the sink, and then left the room. She came back again presently with her thick cloak on, and a black worsted hood in her hand. "I'm goin' over ter see Mis' Hall," she said. "I want ter get her ter show me about that stitch for the border of my bed-spread. I won't be gone long."

When she was outside the gate, in the road, she turned round and looked back at the house a moment. It was a large red brick house, with a wide porch in front, and rooms on both sides of the hall. There were evergreen trees in the front yard, and a graveled walk led down to the gate. Along the fence was a row of lilac bushes. People always said that Mrs. Pond hadn't anything to complain of about her house, and she thought so herself. It gave her pleasure to look back at it now, thinking of old Eunice and the poor-house. What a comfortable feeling it gave one to have a settled home!

Mrs. Hall lived in a brown frame house nearly a mile away. There was a large yard in front, and two children were racing around in the snow. When they saw Mrs. Pond coming they ran to the gate and climbed up on it. One was a stout, rosy-cheeked boy about ten years old; the other a little girl, whose perpetual smile and vacant eyes told their own story to all who looked at her. Both children got down from the gate when Mrs. Pond stopped before it.

"Ma's in the kitchen," said the boy. "You can go round that way," pointing to a brick walk leading around the side of the house.

A thin, delicate-looking girl of about thirteen years of age opened the kitchen door in answer to Mrs. Pond's knock. Mrs. Hall was sitting in a chair by the fire, rocking a child which had just fallen asleep. There were traces of tears on his chubby cheeks, and a sob escaped his lips at regular intervals.

"What child is that?" asked Mrs. Pond, taking the chair the little girl brought forward for her.

"It's little Benny Price; his mother died yesterday," answered Mrs. Hall.

"You mean the woman who went out sewing in Long Centre?"

"Yes."

"You haven't taken him, I hope?"

"Yes, I have."

"Not to raise?"

"Yes."

"Eliza Hall!"

"There wasn't any one else to take him. They were goin' to send him to the poor-house. Think of it! Such a pretty little fellow too. Mrs. Price didn't have any relations except an aunt over in West Penfield, an' she's an old maid, 'n' can't endure children. She said out 'n' out she wouldn't take the child. So I jist picked him up this mornin' and brought him over here."

"As if you didn't have enough a'-ready!"

"Oh, he won't be in the way; he can play round with Ned and Sissy. It's about as easy to take care of half a dozen as one."

"That's what you said when you took Lizzie and Sissy."

"Oh, Lizzie's a real help"—with an affectionate look at the girl, who was washing some pans at the sink. "I couldn't get along without her now. And Ned couldn't get along without Sissy. He can't bear her out of his sight, 'n' he's as fond of her as if she was really his own sister."

"Well, there's Jake, too."

Mrs. Hall laughed. She had a thin, sorrowful face which had never been pretty;

but when she laughed she showed a set of perfect teeth.

"Mr. Hall would be just lost if he didn't have Jake," she said. "He says Jake belongs to him. He's got so big now we don't have to hire a man at all. Jake's just the best boy, too."

"And you really mean ter keep this child?"

"Of course I do. Why, I love him already. It's because he's so little and helpless, I guess."

"He'll cost you a sight. Boys are awful hard on clothes."

"Oh, we'll manage to fix up somehow. I ain't goin' to worry none about that," and Mrs. Hall bent to kiss the flushed face on her breast.

"What does Mr. Hall say?"

"About takin' Benny? Oh, he's willing. He's as fond of children as I am. He said it was a shame to talk o' sendin' a child like this to Howes's. I'm glad his mother didn't hear any talk of it. She'd been just wild. But she was in a kind of stupor from the first."

"I s'pose you couldn't show me about that stitch for my bed-spread this afternoon?"

"Why, of course I could! What's to hinder? Lizzie, you bring my work-basket out that top drawer in the table in the west room. I guess I'll lay Benny right here on the lounge; he's good for an hour's sleep yet, poor little soul!"

Mrs. Pond learned the stitch she wanted in a very few minutes, but it was not of her crocheted bed-spread she was thinking as she walked homeward half an hour later. It was of something that lent a brighter look than usual to her still comely face.

"I've finished that bureau scarf at last, mother," said Emmeline, as her mother came in. "I've sat right here by this window ever since you've been gone."

To her surprise her mother made no reply, but, passing through the kitchen, went up stairs. Emmeline heard her moving around energetically in the room overhead. She seemed to be pushing heavy pieces of furniture from one side of the room to the other. She was up there nearly an hour. When she came down she had a little blue curtain in one hand.

"I wish you'd run a string in this top hem, Emmy," she said. "You've got your sewing things handy."

"What you goin' to do with it?" Mrs. Pond did not answer, but went to open the door for her husband, who had a harness in his arms.

"Did Emmy tell you about Aunt Eunice, Joseph?" she asked, as he came in.

"Yes, she was tellin' me."

"If ye ain't got nothin' against it, I calculate ter give her that south chamber. It ain't no use to us, 'n' Aunt Eunice would be real handy to have round if I want to go away for a spell next summer."

Joseph Bond smiled and gave a side glance at his daughter. Emmeline was smiling too.

"Do jest as ye like, mother," he said.

"Well, then, Emmy, you put on your things, 'n' run down to Jenkins's 'n' see if Aunt Eunice is there. Bring her back with ye."

Emmeline ran quickly upstairs for her hood and shawl. On her way back she stopped in the south chamber. It was very plainly but comfortably furnished, and the bed was made and a fire burned in the open grate.

"Gracious!" said Emmeline, as she looked around the room. "Mother does beat all." She glanced out of the window in the lower hall as she went by. A sudden light sprang to her eyes. "There's Aunt Eunice now, goin' down the road, mother," she said, running into the kitchen.

"You run after her."

When the little old woman was ushered in by the triumphant Emmeline a few minutes later, Mrs. Pond took her upstairs at once.

"I hope you'll like your room, Aunt Eunice," she said, as she opened the door of the south chamber.

Aunt Eunice looked around from the comfortable feather-bed to the bright fire, from the neatly curtained windows to the goat-skin rug before the bureau. On the bureau was the scarf she had seen Emmeline stitching.

She sat down in the rocker and put her hand over her eyes. She didn't say a word.

Mrs. Pond went out softly. On her way she tripped over a bundle by the door. It contained all the old woman's earthly possessions.

"I'm glad enough I asked her to come," thought Mrs. Pond, as she closed the door.

Then she heard a voice from the room: "Thank God! Thank God!" and the sound of stifled sobbing.

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"Hush! there she is," said her father. "Don't you ever ask her,"—Harper's Bazar.

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"Fair Play"
Is all that is asked for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when taken for catarrh in the head, or for bronchitis or throat affection, or lung scrofula (commonly known as consumption of the lungs) and if taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure or the money paid for it will be refunded. It is the only guaranteed cure.

Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

The flag was restored to its position at Fort Sumter April 14, 1865.

For washing blankets, Dr. Pierce's Electric Soap is marvellous. Blankets and woollen washed with it look like new, and there is absolutely no shrinking. No other soap in the world will do such perfect work. Give it a trial now.

The Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co. Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Tuttle, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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E. H. Van Hosen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A postoffice in Fulton county, Pa., bears the brief and unromantic name of "Sis."

The "Flower That Bloom"
In the Spring, fragrant and fresh in their vernal beauty, are welcome indeed after winter's long and cheerless reign. The birds also, with their merry roundels, the balmy breezes, the running brooks, and the far-reaching meadows robed in velvet green—all these charm every sense and fill the soul with gladness. But there is something that is more welcome in spring than flowers and birds and breezes, running brooks and meadows green, and that is a medicine that will gently purge and cleanse the blood of the fatty and noxious impurities that have collected in it during the winter and leave it pure and wholesome and in proper condition for a long hot spell. Such a medicine is Dr. Pierce's Great Blood Purifier and Tonic. Take it in time, and tone your system up. It will fortify you against the most debilitating effects of the heat. Don't forget Mergal-in, also, for your bowels. \$1 a bottle each.

New England is having no lack of quarter-millennary anniversaries nowadays.

They have stood the test of time—"Tansill's Punch" America's finest 5c. Cigar.

Watch for "Murray" Buggy adv. next week.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for anyone who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

P. N. U. 12 '90

The Pope Favors

Convalescents
from the Influenza
with exemption
from Lenten
rules (1890).

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Restores
Strength and Vigor.
Take it
now.
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

EMPLOYMENT at your own home, for ladies or gentlemen. No capital required; no peddling. Permanent, honorable and profitable. Address **BOX 331 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

BUFF COCHIN'S FOWLS & CHICKS for sale. Eggs in season. Stock strictly first-class. **CHARLES FELDMAN, Hagerstown, Md.**

MEMORIAL CARDS Perpetuate in permanent form the memory of the departed. Suitable for an Album, Easie or Mantelpiece. We will send one card (cabinet size) engraved in gold leaf, with appropriate inscription, for the name, date of death and age of deceased. Special prices on quantities. **MEMORIAL PUBLISHING CO., 114 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

GRAPES Sweet, Early, Immense stock cheap. Send for our sample vines. Cat. Logue free. **C. S. Cartier & Co., Portland, N.Y.**

OPIUM HABIT. Only Certain and easy CURE in the world. **Dr. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon, O.**

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

A jeweler in the West constructed a clock which will run 480 days without winding a second time.

Herr Weigert, a member of a firm of Berlin bankers, has been given a patent for the production of electric light without either dynamos or accumulators.

Glory awaits the first amateur photographer who will take a picture of global lightning, a phenomenon known to occur, but of which no trustworthy evidence exists.

It takes but a small quantity of non-transparent matter to produce the dimming effect of haze. If the eye can observe the color produced in a drop of water by the fifty-millionth of a gramme of fuchsin, possibly a weight of water or dust not much greater would suffice for visibility in a column of air 1000 feet long.

Potato paint is a novelty, which is said to adhere well to wood and plaster, and to be very cheap. To make it, boil one pound of peeled potatoes, mash, dilute with water and pass through a sieve; then add two pounds of Spanish white in four pounds of water. Different colors can be had by the use of the ordinary mineral powders.

In the new process for spinning and weaving glass into cloth the warp is composed of silk forming the body and groundwork, on which the pattern in glass appears. Not less than fifty to sixty of the original glass strand are required to form one thread of the weft, and not more than a yard of the cloth can be produced in twelve hours.

A physician of Allegheny City, Penn., has invented a machine for carving plans of wood according to various patterns. The planks are run through the machine as they are for producing planed, tongued and grooved boards; but by means of knives skillfully adjusted, which run across the fibre of the wood, very intricate designs are carved continually from end to end.

Hydrogen gas has been liquified, but it requires a pressure of 10,000 pounds to the square inch, and a temperature of 220 degrees below zero. It forms a blue liquid, which, by the cold produced by its own evaporation, may be frozen for an instant to a solid with a metallic lustre, thus confirming the theory that hydrogen is a gaseous metal, just as mercury is a liquid one.

An improved white lead process has been originated by a Glasgow inventor. It consists of a simply constructed furnace which distills the lead ore at the rate of about two tons daily per furnace, the final oxidation and conversion into white lead taking place in an outer chamber, while the distilled white lead is collected in a condenser and then washed and dried for use.

A very reliable sign of stormy weather is when the sun rises clear and shortly goes into a cloud. This indicates the presence of rapidly condensing moisture in the atmosphere, which is likely to soon fall as rain. A lurid color of the sky at sunrise, halos around the sun and moon, "a rainbow in the morning," and the "sun drawing water" are due to the same cause, and are all omens of stormy weather.

New uses for wood pulp are constantly being devised. One of the latest is its employment, as the basis of a plastic compound to serve as a substitute for lime mortar in covering and finishing walls, and the process has been patented. It is designed to possess all the desirable qualities of ordinary mortar with the additional qualities of being harder, and when applied to wood work, in a thin coat, rendering it both fire and water proof.

Japan's Admiration for This Country.

One of the oldest things in the history of the present age is the admiration which Japan has for the United States. Forty years ago they were an isolated community, keeping themselves carefully aloof from all civilized nations. Today their clothing, institutions, ways and manners are copied from our own. The first of their race who came over here were a troupe of acrobats; now there are more than 50,000 within our borders. In this city they have a club, many stores, offices and boarding houses. They prosper in their new home, and form a very good element of our population. I run across their Consul here quite often. He has a queer name, Saburo Fujii, but he is a very delightful person. He belongs to the highest rank in Japan, holding a position corresponding to that of a Duke in Great Britain. His culture is famous at home, he having carried off the leading honors of the schools and college where he studied in both Japan and England. He is about forty-five years of age, is ruddy, smiling and well fed and speaks our language like a native. He enjoys our music and drama, and is a frequent visitor to our leading houses of amusement.—*New York Star.*

Artificial Teeth an Old Idea.

False teeth are popularly supposed to be a somewhat modern invention, but this belief has received a rude shock from certain discoveries made in the ancient Etruscan city of Jalisca. In one of the tombs recently opened there a skull was found in which was a full set of natural teeth fastened into the alveoli with golden ligatures. The tomb dates to the fifth century before Christ, and the workmanship displayed in the fastenings of the teeth is of a high order.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

CARDINAL NEWMAN has just entered on his ninetieth year.

THOMAS A. EDISON's birthday is now noted in the British almanacs.

QUEEN VICTORIA is to have her portrait painted for the German regiment of which she is honorary Colonel.

It is said that De Lesseps is almost broken down over the unfavorable report of the Panama canal commission.

EDWARD ROTHSCHILD, the head of the great European banking house, is now traveling through the United States.

LORD DUNRAVEN says he won't send a yacht across the Atlantic for any lesser race than the race for the America's cup.

JOHN SWINTON, the labor reformer, writes occasionally from Europe that he is in good spirits and health, and enjoying himself.

GENERAL BOULANGER has abandoned his island of Jersey retreat and has taken a fashionable house in London for the season.

SECRETARY PROCTOR's wife has gone to the Hot Springs of North Carolina in the hope of getting rid of her rheumatism there.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WYMAN is said to have under consideration the founding of a large mission church in Philadelphia.

ROSCOE CONKLING once said that if Jay Gould had gone into politics he would have become the master politician of this country.

THE youngest millionaire in New York is Marshall O. Roberts, son of the late Marshall O. Roberts. He is ten years old and worth \$5,000,000.

The health of the King of Holland, who is now seventy-three years of age, is much improved, to the disgust of the people, who were arranging not long ago for a regency.

THE death of Count Peter Alexandrovitch Valouieff at St. Petersburg removes one of the last survivors of the liberal statesmen who surrounded the Emperor Alexander II.

HEER KRUPP, proprietor of the extensive cannon foundry at Essen, Germany, has given half a million of dollars for the erection of homes for workmen and a training school for women.

SENATOR HOAR frankly confesses that the reason why the debates in Congress are not reported at greater length in the newspapers is because they are for the most part tiresome and uninteresting.

GREEN B. RAUM, the Pension Commissioner, is a stout, broad-shouldered man, with dark whiskers and hazel eyes. A correspondent says that fully \$100,000,000 will pass through his hands this year.

THE health of the ex-Empress Carlotta of Mexico has considerably improved of late, and few traces now remain of the mental disease from which she has suffered ever since the tragic death of her husband.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, is having his portrait painted by three artists and is sitting to a sculptor for his bust. He has issued an edict prohibiting the sale of his photographs without his personal sanction.

SENOR CASTELLAR, the great Spanish republican, has recently brought himself into ill odor among his own party by the display of his personal esteem for Queen Christina and his solicitude during the illness of the baby King.

PROFESSOR JOHN F. WIER, of the Yale Art School, has just finished the model for a statue to ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, which will probably soon be cast. The figure, including the pedestal, will stand sixteen feet high.

A Question of Relative Values.

"John! John! Wake up!"
"What is the matter, Maria?"
"I hear a noise in the kitchen. Go down quick and see what it is. Maybe it's a burglar."
"Mrs. Billus, what do you consider the actual cash value of the silver and plated ware and other stealable articles in the kitchen?"
"There's \$10 worth, at the very least."
"And do you suppose madam, I am going to run the risk of meeting an armed burglar for a pitiful, beggarly, dad-dinged \$10, madam?"
(Angrily) "Why not, John Billus? Isn't your life insured for \$5,000?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

At Tallapoosa Chnreh, Ga., last Friday, Mr. Anthony Crumley, who died aged 78, and his sister, Mrs. Ferrell who died aged 80, were buried in the same grave.

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood, for at no other season does the system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, as now. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and to overcome that tired feeling.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"Every spring for years I have made it a practice to take from three to five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because I know it purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system of all impurities. That languid feeling, sometimes called 'spring fever,' will never visit the system that has been properly cared for by this never-failing remedy." W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor Agricultural Epitomist, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Best Spring Medicine

"I have taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and consider it the best blood medicine I have ever taken. It builds me up, makes me sleep better, gives me a good appetite." Mrs. A. P. LEIGHTON, Portland, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE BEST REMEDY FOR CHILDREN

SUFFERING FROM COLD IN HEAD

SNUFFLES

OR CATARRH.

HAY-FEVER

A remedy is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c. at Druggists; by mail, registered Gents, ELY BROTHERS, 50 Warren Street, New York

PAINT your own SIGNS. Five Alphabets 2 to 12 inch Letters only \$2.50. Sample 10c. MARTIN & CO., Adams, N.Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, CURE COLD IN NOSE, CURE COLD IN THROAT, CURE COLD IN LUNGS, CURE COLD IN STOMACH, CURE COLD IN BOWELS, CURE COLD IN SKIN, CURE COLD IN EYES, CURE COLD IN EARS, CURE COLD IN TEETH, CURE COLD IN HAIR, CURE COLD IN NAILS, CURE COLD IN FINGERS, CURE COLD IN TOES, CURE COLD IN FEET, CURE COLD IN HANDS, CURE COLD IN WRISTS, CURE COLD IN ELBOWS, CURE COLD IN KNEES, CURE COLD IN ANKLES, CURE COLD IN JOINTS, CURE COLD IN MUSCLES, CURE COLD IN TENDONS, CURE COLD IN LIGAMENTS, CURE COLD IN CARTILAGES, CURE COLD IN BONES, CURE COLD IN SPINE, CURE COLD IN NECK, CURE COLD IN SHOULDER, CURE COLD IN HIP, CURE COLD IN BUTTOCK, CURE COLD IN LEG, CURE COLD IN ARM, CURE COLD IN WRIST, CURE COLD IN ELBOW, CURE COLD IN KNEE, CURE COLD IN ANKLE, CURE COLD IN JOINT, CURE COLD IN MUSCLE, CURE COLD IN TENDON, CURE COLD IN LIGAMENT, CURE COLD IN CARTILAGE, CURE COLD IN BONE, CURE COLD IN SPINE, CURE COLD IN NECK, CURE COLD IN SHOULDER, CURE COLD IN HIP, CURE COLD IN BUTTOCK, 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"Fair Play"
Is that asked for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when taken for catarrh in the head, or for bronchitis or throat affection, or lung scrofula (commonly known as consumption of the lungs) and if taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure or the money paid for it will be refunded. It is the only guaranteed cure.
Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.
The flag was restored to its position at Fort Sumter April 14, 1865.
For washing flannels, Dobbins's Electric Soap is marvelous. Blankets and woollens washed with it look like new, and there is absolutely no shrinking. No other soap in the world will do such perfect work. Give it a trial now.
The Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday.

How's This!
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CUNNEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. CUNNEY for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
E. H. Van Alstyne, Dealer Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A postoffice in Fulton county, Pa., bears the brief and unromantic name of "Sis."

The "Flowers That Bloom"
In the Spring, fragrant and fresh in their vernal beauty, are welcome indeed after winter's long and cheerless reign. The birds also, with their merry roundels, the balmy breezes, the running brooks, and the far-reaching meadows and in velvet green—all these charm every sense and fill the soul with gladness. But there is something that is more welcome in spring than flowers and birds and breezes, running brooks and meadows green, and that is a medicine that will gently purge and cleanse the blood of the fatty and noxious impurities that have collected in it during the winter and leave it pure and rich and in proper condition for a long hot spell. Such a medicine is Pe-r-u-na, the great Blood Purifier and Tonic. Take it in time and tone your system up. It will fortify you against the debilitating effects of the heat. Don't forget Pe-r-u-na, also, for your Bowels. \$1 a bottle cash.

New England is having no lack of quarter-millennial anniversaries nowadays.

"They have stood the test of time"—Tansill's Punch! America's finest 5c. Cigar.

Watch for "Murray" Buggy adv. next week.



ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.
P N U 12 '90

The Pope Favors
Convalescents
from the Influenza
with exemption
from Lenten
rules (1890).
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Restores
Strength and Vigor.
Take it
now!
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
(Lowell, Mass.)

EMPLOYMENT at your own home, for ladies or gentlemen. No capital required, no peddling, permanent, honorable and profitable. Address: BOX 331 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

BUFF COCHINS FOWLS & CHICKS for sale. Eggs in season. See strictly first-class. **CHARLES FELDMAN**, Hagerstown, Md.

MEMORIAL CARDS Perpetuate in permanent form the memory of the departed. Suitable for all occasions. Each card is engraved in gold leaf, with appropriate inscription, for 20c. Send name, date of death and age of deceased. Special prices on quantities. **MR. SODA PUBLISHING CO.**, 115 Dearborn St., Chicago.

GRAPES Small fruits, immense stock cheap. Send for sample. For catalogue, call on us. **F. S. CURTIS & Co.**, Portland, Me.
OPIUM HABIT. Only Certain and Easy Cure in the World. **DR. J. L. ELLIOTT**, Lebanon, O.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A jeweler in the West constructed a clock which will run 480 days without winding a second time.

Herr Weigert, a member of a firm of Berlin bankers, has been given a patent for the production of electric light without either dynamos or accumulators.

Glory awaits the first amateur photographer who will take a picture of globular lightning, a phenomenon known to occur, but of which no trustworthy evidence exists.

It takes but a small quantity of non-transparent matter to produce the dimming effect of haze. If the eye can observe the color produced in a drop of water by the fifty-millionth of a gramme of fuchsin, possibly a weight of water or dust not much greater would suffice for visibility in a column of air 1000 feet long.

Potato paint is a novelty, which is said to adhere well to wood and plaster, and to be very cheap. To make it, boil one pound of peeled potatoes, mash, dilute with water and pass through a sieve; then add two pounds of Spanish white in four pounds of water. Different colors can be had by the use of the ordinary mineral powders.

In the new process for spinning and weaving glass into cloth the warp is composed of silk forming the body and groundwork, on which the pattern in glass appears. Not less than fifty to sixty of the original glass strand are required to form one thread of the warp, and not more than a yard of the cloth can be produced in twelve hours.

A physician of Allegheny City, Penn., has invented a machine for carving planks of wood according to various patterns. The planks are run through the machine as they are for producing planed, tongued and grooved boards; but by means of knives skillfully adjusted, which run across the fibre of the wood, very intricate designs are carved continually from end to end.

Hydrogen gas has been liquefied, but it requires a pressure of 10,000 pounds to the square inch, and a temperature of 220 degrees below zero. It forms a blue liquid, which, by the cold produced by its own evaporation, may be frozen for an instant to a solid with a metallic lustre, thus confirming the theory that hydrogen is a gaseous metal, just as mercury is a liquid one.

An improved white lead process has been originated by a Glasgow inventor. It consists of a simply constructed furnace which distills the lead ore at the rate of about two tons daily per furnace, the final oxidation and conversion into white lead taking place in an outer chamber, while the distilled white lead is collected in a condenser and then washed and dried for use.

A very reliable sign of stormy weather is when the sun rises clear and shortly goes into a cloud. This indicates the presence of rapidly condensing moisture in the atmosphere, which is likely to soon fall as rain. A lurid color of the sky at sunrise, halos around the sun and moon, "a rainbow in the morning," and the "sun drawing water" are due to the same cause, and are all omens of stormy weather.

New uses for wood pulp are constantly being devised. One of the latest is its employment, as the basis of a plastic compound to serve as a substitute for lime mortar in covering and finishing walls, and the process has been patented. It is designed to possess all the desirable qualities of ordinary mortar with the additional qualities of being harder, and when applied to wood work, in a thin coat, rendering it both fire and water proof.

Japan's Admiration for This Country.

One of the oddest things in the history of the present age is the admiration which Japan has for the United States. Forty years ago they were an isolated community, keeping themselves carefully aloof from all civilized nations. To-day their clothing, institutions, ways and manners are copied from our own. The first of their race who came over here were a troupe of acrobats; now there are more than 50,000 within our borders. In this city they have a club, many stores, offices and boarding houses. They prosper in their new home, and form a very good element of our population. I run across their Consul here quite often. He has a queer name, Saburo Fujii, but he is a very delightful person. He belongs to the highest rank in Japan, holding a position corresponding to that of a Duke in Great Britain. His culture is famous at home, he having carried off the leading honors of the schools and college where he studied in both Japan and England. He is about forty-five years of age, is ruddy, smiling and well fed and speaks our language like a native. He enjoys our music and drama, and is a frequent visitor to our leading houses of amusement. —New York Star.

Artificial Teeth an Old Idea.

False teeth are popularly supposed to be a somewhat modern invention, but this belief has received a rude shock from certain discoveries made in the ancient Etruscan city of Janina. In one of the tombs recently opened there a skull was found in which was a full set of natural teeth fastened into the alveoli with golden ligatures. The tomb dates to the fifth century before Christ, and the workmanship displayed in the fastenings of the teeth is of a high order.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

CARDINAL NEWMAN has just entered on his ninetieth year.

THOMAS A. EDISON's birthday is now noted in the British almanacs.

QUEEN VICTORIA is to have her portrait painted for the German regiment of which she is honorary Colonel.

It is said that De Lesseps is almost broken down over the unfavorable report of the Panama canal commission.

EDWARD ROTHSCHILD, the head of the great European banking house, is now traveling through the United States.

LORD DUNRAVEN says he won't send a yacht across the Atlantic for any lesser race than the race for the America's cup.

JOHN SWINTON, the labor reformer, writes occasionally from Europe that he is in good spirits and health, and enjoying himself.

GENERAL BOULANGER has abandoned his Island of Jersey retreat and has taken a fashionable house in London for the season.

SECRETARY PROCTOR's wife has gone to the Hot Springs of North Carolina in the hope of getting rid of her rheumatism there.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WAXMAKER is said to have under consideration the founding of a large mission church in Philadelphia.

ROSCOE CONKLING once said that if Jay Gould had gone into politics he would have become the master politician of this country.

The youngest millionaire in New York is Marshall O. Roberts, son of the late Marshall O. Roberts. He is ten years old and worth \$5,000,000.

The health of the King of Holland, who is now seventy-three years of age, is much improved, to the disgust of the people, who were arranging not long ago for a regency.

The death of Count Peter Alexandrovitch Valouieff at St. Petersburg removes one of the last survivors of the liberal statesmen who surrounded the Emperor Alexander II.

HERR KRUPI, proprietor of the extensive cannon foundry at Essen, Germany, has given half a million of dollars for the erection of homes for workmen and a training school for women.

SENATOR HOAR frankly confesses that the reason why the debates in Congress are not reported at greater length in the newspapers is because they are for the most part tiresome and uninteresting.

GREEN B. RAUM, the Pension Commissioner, is a stout, broad-shouldered man, with dark whiskers and hazel eyes. A correspondent says that fully \$100,000,000 will pass through his hands this year.

The health of the ex-Empress Carlotta of Mexico has considerably improved of late, and few traces now remain of the mental disease from which she has suffered ever since the tragic death of her husband.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, is having his portrait painted by three artists and is sitting to a sculptor for his bust. He has issued an edict prohibiting the sale of his photographs without his personal sanction.

SENOR CASTELLAR, the great Spanish republican, has recently brought himself into ill odor among his own party by the display of his personal esteem for Queen Christina and his solicitude during the illness of the baby King.

PROFESSOR JOHN F. WIER, of the Yale Art School, has just finished the model for a statue to ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, which will probably soon be cast. The figure, including the pedestal, will stand sixteen feet high.

A Question of Relative Values.

"John! John! Wake up!"
"What is the matter, Maria?"
"I hear a noise in the kitchen. Go down quick and see what it is. Maybe it's a burglar."

"Mrs. Billus, what do you consider the actual cash value of the silver and plated ware and other stealable articles in the kitchen?"

"There's \$10 worth, at the very least."

"And do you suppose madam, I am going to run the risk of meeting an armed burglar for a pitiful, beggarly, dad-dinged \$10, madam?"

(Angrily) "Why not, John Billus? Isn't your life insured for \$5,000?" —Chicago Tribune.

At Tallapoosa Church, Ga., last Friday.

Mr. Anthony 'Crummy, who died aged 78, and his sister, Mrs. Ferrell who died aged 80, were buried in the same grave.

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood, for at no other season does the system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, as now. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost, Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and to overcome that tired feeling.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
"Every spring for years I have made it a practice to take from three to five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because I know it purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system of all impurities. That languid feeling, sometimes called 'spring fever,' will never visit the system that has been properly cared for by this never-failing remedy." W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor Agricultural Epitomist, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Best Spring Medicine
"I have taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and consider it the best blood medicine I have ever taken. It builds me up, makes me sleep better, gives me a good appetite." Mrs. A. P. LEWISTON, Portland, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CATARRH

BEST REMEDY

FOR CHILDREN

SUFFERING FROM COLD IN HEAD

SNUFFLES OR CATARRH, HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. **ELLY BROTHERS**, 56 Warren Street, New York

your own ELY'S. Five Alphabets 2 to 12 inch Letters, only \$2.50. Sample copy. **MAKIN & CO.**, Adams, N.Y.

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ASTHMA CURED FREE

by mail to sufferers. Dr. E. B. SWIFTMAN St Paul, Minn.

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Root Grafts—Everything! No larger stock in U.S. No better, no cheaper. **PIKE CO. NURSERY**, Louisville, Mo.

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PATENTS SECURED (no delay) O. D. Leves, 131 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

\$20 Picket Fence Machine for \$20.00. Guaranteed. Two weeks in freight. Circulars free. **B. H. GARRETT**, Easton, O.



AN OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

"To take or not to take it, is the question—Whether it is better to end this earthly career as a spinster—braving the smiles of those who would insist that lack of lovers caused my lonely state,—Or take the remedies my sisters take, And see my eyes grow bright as tho' I bathed in the immortal fount De Leon sought In vain in Florida's peaceful shade. I oft have heard my married sisters say That good old Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Would bring back color to a faded cheek—Restore the health of one who fain would die To rid herself of all the pain she feels."

The aforesaid spinster took the remedy—and forthwith took a husband also, having regained her health and blooming beauty.

Thousands of women owe their fresh, blooming countenances to the restorative effects of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe, remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

For a Book (160 pages) on Woman; Her Diseases and their Self-Cure, (sent sealed in plain envelope,) enclose ten cents, in stamps, to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

For Coughs and Colds
There is no Medicine like
DR. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP.
It is pleasant to the taste and does not contain a particle of opium or anything injurious. It is the Best Cough Medicine in the World. For Sale by all Druggists, Apothecaries and Dealers in Medicines.
Price, \$1.00 per bottle. Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption and its Cure, mailed free. Address **Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia.**

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ACTIVE MEN. everywhere, with large recd. capital, pay me Agency netting \$1,200 up yearly. (Creds have universal sale. No samples. Address **WOLKEP**, care 184 Leonard St., New York.

GIRLS IF YOU wish to be handsome send 1 cent for book. **Danmont Medical Toilet Co.**, 44 W. 23d St., New York.

SAFE INVESTMENTS \$100 to \$2000. Paying a monthly profit of 5 to 10 per cent. Address **N. G. Healy, P. O. Box 1351, Denver, Col.**

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IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated **SMITH & WESSON** arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibre .32, .38 and .44. Single and double action. Safety hammer and the first choice of all experts. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The **SMITH & WESSON** Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm name, address and dates of patent and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogues and prices furnished on application.
SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.
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JONES
PAYS THE FREIGHT.
5 Ton Wagon, Sealer, Iron Levels, Stacks, etc. Tare Box and Beam Box for \$300.
Every size fits. For free price list send for it.
JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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Wholesale manufacturer of all kinds of Carriages, Buggy, etc. These vehicles will be furnished at wholesale prices to buyers in quantity. Send for free illustrated catalogue.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS
RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND. Safe and sure remedy for all cases of Catarrh, Gonorrhea, etc. These pills will be furnished at wholesale prices to buyers in quantity. Send for free illustrated catalogue.
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AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL
CONSULT DR. LOBB, 329 North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia. Twenty years experience in special diseases, cures the worst cases of Nervous Complaints, Blood Poisoning, Blotches, Eruptions, Piles, Catarrh, Ulcers, Sores, Impaired Memory, Despondency, Dizziness of Vision, Headache, Liver, Stomach, Kidney, Bright's Disease, Gonorrhea, etc. Call or write for question list and book.

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THE NEW DISCOVERY.—You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once, and give it a trial. Trial Bottles Free at Dick's Drugstore.

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Great Bargains In FURNITURE!

Are now being offered at P. FEISER'S CHEAP FURNITURE ROOMS, Phila. St., New Oxford.

My stock of Furniture is very large and complete, embracing all the various styles of Chamber & Parlor Suits, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Washstands, Lounges, Sofas, Centre, Extension, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, Cribs, Cradles, Mattresses, Bed Springs, Etc. Also, a large stock of Sideboards, Bedsteads, Corner and Kitchen Cupboards, Sinks, &c., of my Own Manufacture. Call and be convinced that I sell better goods for less money than any house in the county. — UNDERTAKING a specialty in all its various branches. Feb 89 PETER FEISER.

G. A. KLINGLE, —FASHIONABLE— BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER

Shampooing and dyeing done in the finest styles. Razors honed and put in order at lowest rates. Saloon next door to the IREM office Centre Square. NEW OXFORD, PA.

One of the BEST TELEPHONES in the world. Our facilities are unequalled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send one to every person in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telephone. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double strength, superlative, and very durable. It is made from \$2 to \$10 a day at least, from the start, without expense. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, E. HALLITT & CO., Box 288, Portland, Maine.

USE—SAFEST—SUREST—BEST LIVER SYRUP
For Health, Strength, Vigor and the Blood. Cures Headache, Dropsy, Sallow Complexion, Constipation, and all Liver and Blood Diseases.
PAIN BALM
For Rheumatism, Sprains, Cramps, Infant's Relief. For Croup, Cough, Cholera, Trismus, Teething, etc. A Sure and Safe Remedy for all these Affections.
LUNG SYRUP. For Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all Lung Troubles. Instant Relief.
LINIMENT. The Great Bone and Nerve Remedy for Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Sore Throat, Croup, Burns, Felons, etc. For all these Affections, it is a sure and safe remedy. Prepared by T. H. BARNETT, Proprietor, NEW OXFORD, PA.

J. M. MARTIN,

Irishtown, Pa., dealer in All kinds of Groceries, Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Syrups, Spices. Canned Goods: corn, peas, tomatoes, peaches, oysters. Dried Fruit: apples, peaches, prunes, blackberries, corn, currants, raisins, figs, dates, etc., etc. Oranges, apples, rice, hominy, beans, corn starch, buckwheat flour, oat and corn meal, feed, etc. cheese. soaps. —A full line of—

NOTIONS, TOYS, FANCY GOODS

Queensware, Glassware, &c.

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at the shortest notice with the best of Ice Cream well packed in ice. Give him a call he will be ordering elsewhere and learn his

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Every vehicle I manufacture is made throughout—woodwork, ironwork, painting and trimming—in my own shops, by competent mechanics, every one of whom has served a regular apprenticeship at his trade. I am thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular.

REPAIRING all kinds done promptly, at reasonable price in addition Jos. H. LAWRENCE.

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Full line of Spring Dress Goods, Plaids, Stripes and Plain Shades, Brocade Silk Dress Trimmings in all the leading shades, Gros-grain and Surah Silks in black and all shades. 18 shades Silk Velvet, good quality, at \$1.25 a yard. Big assortment of Hamburg Edging and Inserting, many new styles. Best XXX selected Live Geese Feathers. Big lot of CARPETS and Oil Carpets at lowest prices. Rag and Jute Carpets made to order. Job lot of ladies' Jersey Vests at 10 cents each. OUR MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT is better stocked than ever. We have the finest line of Suitings and Trousers ever shown in Hanover. A first-class Cutter, and good workmen, enables us to guarantee a perfect fit in every case. Examine our stock before buying.

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1870 — ESTABLISHED — 1870

THE CELEBRATED

WEAVER ORGANS
Have been before the Public for nearly 25 YEARS, and by steady and sturdy growth have acquired an enviable reputation. Every instrument is guaranteed for SIX YEARS. COMPLETE CATALOGUE mailed post-paid on application.

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO. BROAD AND WALNUT STS. Works YORK, Pennsylvania.

Buy your PLANOS & ORGANS DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY!

You will save money! Get first-class goods and deal with people you know. WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO., York, Pa.

CITY DRUG STORE!

ING. F. PATTON & CO., DISPENSING CHEMISTS YORK, PA.

Patton's Poultry Powder, FOR

Chicken Cholera and Gapes!

Never known to fail.

Attention!!

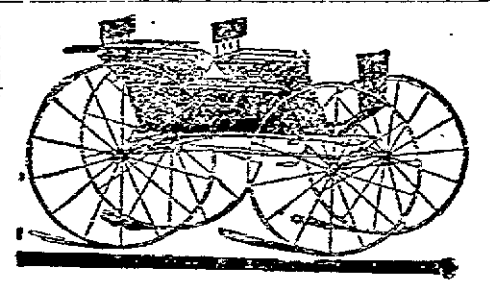
Don't wait until Spring to buy your Winter goods; buy them now while you need them as you can buy just as cheap. From now until Spring we will give you some big bargains in Overcoats, Blankets, Shawls, Flannels, &c., &c., as we are bound to reduce our stock.

SHEELY & BRO

MADAME DEAN'S Spinal Supporting Corsets

Are, without exception, unsurpassed in point of COMFORT, BEAUTY, DURABILITY, FINISH, and CORRECT SHAPE, and are WARRANTED to be so represented in every instance. Energetic and reliable LADY AGENTS WANTED in every town and county, to whom we offer the EXCLUSIVE AGENCY for our corsets, and the most liberal inducements. Write for terms at once. Agents clear from \$25 to \$75 weekly. \$5 sample corset free to agents. Terms and instructions free. LEWIS SCHIELE & CO. 250 Broadway, N.Y.

OUR NEW FREE Gold Watch worth \$100.00. Sold in the world. Perfectly reliable. Heavy, solid gold running case. Both ladies and gents' sizes. With works and cases of equal value. ONE PRIZE in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Goods. These prizes, as well as the watch, are FREE. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors—and those about you—that way a result is obtainable for us, which holds for years when once secured, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from \$200 to \$450 per week and upwards. Address, SHEELY & CO., Box 512, Portland, Maine.



CARRIAGES & BUGGIES!

BOND & CO.

(Successors to Weaver & Co.) Manufacturers of

Light Carriages!

Every vehicle turned out of our Works is made throughout—wood work, ironing, trimming, painting, in our own shops, under our own supervision; and we are thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular. Top and No-Top Buggies, Jump Seats, for and 4 passengers, Extension-Top Phaetons, Brewster Side-Bar Buggies, Plain Box Buggies, 2 and 3 Spring Phaetons, Dayton Wagons, &c.

We are prepared to do all kinds of repairing such as Painting, Smithing, Trimming, and Woodwork. All work done in the best manner and at reasonable prices. Call and see our stock. BOND & CO., Corner of High and Bolton Sts., New Oxford, Pa.

Neat! —JOB PRINTING! —Che ap

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USE—SAFEST—SUREST—BEST
LIVER SYRUP
For Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, Constipation, and all Liver and Blood Diseases.
PAIN BALM
For Rheumatism, Gout, Sprains, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, etc.
INFANTS' RELIEF.
For Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Teething, etc.
LUNG SYRUP.
For Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc.
LINEIMENT.
The Great Remedy for Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc.
Solely Prepared by **W. D. EITKING & CO.,** (See Circular.) **PORTLAND, ME.**

J. M. MARTIN,

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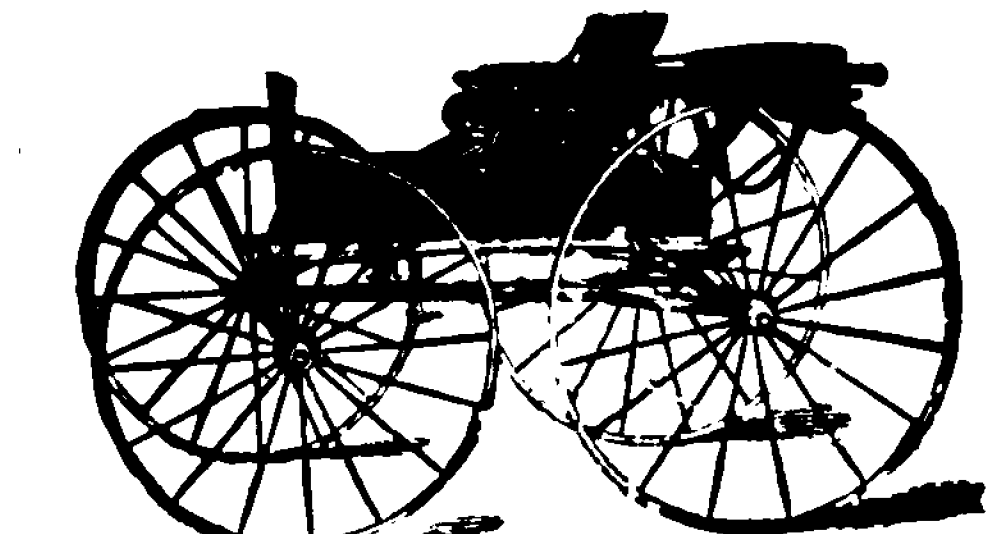
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Attention!!

Don't wait until Spring to buy your Winter goods; buy them now while you need them as you can buy just as cheap. From now until Spring we will give you some big bargains in Overcoats, Blankets, Shawls, Flannels, &c., &c., as we are bound to reduce our stock.

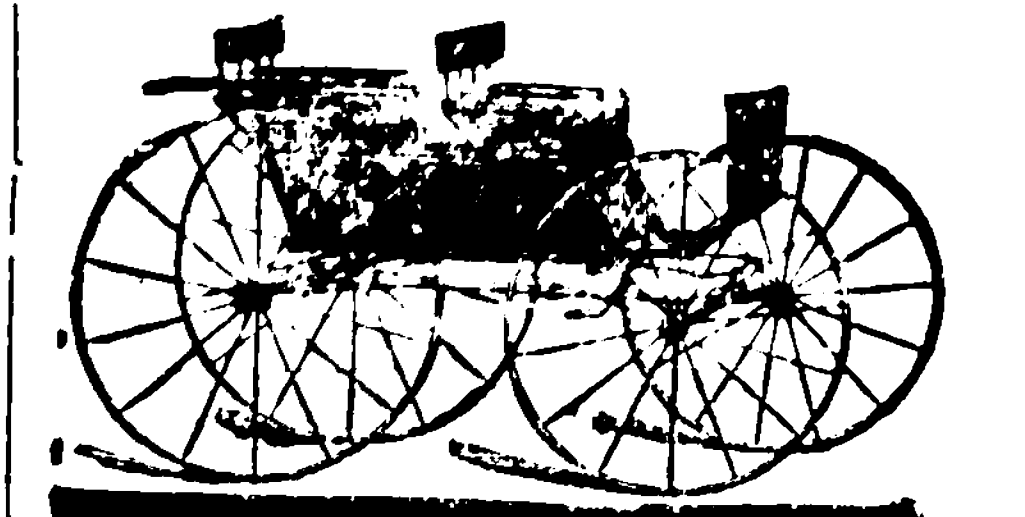
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Neat!—JOB PRINTING!—Che ap